S. Wale Delin. F. Gordon Sculp.

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THE
NUT-CRACKER.

CONTAINING

An agreeable Variety of well-ſeaſon'd

JESTS, EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, &c.

Collected from

The moſt *Sprightly Wits* of the preſent Age.

Together with

Such Inſtructions as will enable any Man to tell a *Story* with a *good Grace*, and crack a *Nut* without loſing the *Kernel*.

WITH

Other Particulars equally Uſeful and Entertaining, and for which the *gentle*, *kind*, and *courteous Reader*, will be pleaſed to look over the following Pages.

παντα γελωις. Vet. Epig.
Keep your Countenance, if you can. Logumus.

Haſte thee Nymph, and bring with thee,
Jeſt and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on *Hebe's* Cheek,
And love to live in Dimple ſleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his Sides. MILTON.

Publiſhed with the Approbation of the Learned in all Faculties,
By FERDINANDO FOOT, Eſq;

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BRITISH MUSEUM

To my very good Friend

His IMPERIAL EXCELLENCY the

PUBLICK,

Theſe JESTS, EPIGRAMS, and EPITAPHS,

ARE

(In Gratitude for all *former* and *future* Favours)

Moſt Humbly Inſcribed, by

His Imperial Excellency's

Moſt Obliged

Moſt Obedient,

Moſt Humble, and

Moſt Obſequious Servant

FERDINANDO FOOT.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PREFACE.

GENTLE READER,

THIS Preface, which you may call a Dedication, or by any other Name you pleaſe, was not wrote becauſe the following ſtupendous Performance required it; but, modeſtly ſpeaking, to ſhew my own Wit. *Mr. Reader*, you underſtand me.

Wit is like the Blaze of an *Oxford* Faggot, where Wood is ſold by the Ounce. — Or 'tis like Honour, ay, and like Honour too confined in the Chilobonti of the Brain, by two Membranes, which are ſo extreamly thin they never yet could be diſcovered by the moſt artful Anatomiſt. — Or Wit is like a Sun Dial. — Or like a Comet. — Or like a Mopſtick. — Or like any Thing but Wiſdom.

Having

Having thus proved mathematically, and beyond all Contradiction, what Wit is like; I ſhall now proceed to demonſtrate to you what it is not like. Wit, then, for Inſtance, is not like the Writings, or any Part of the Writings of Dr. **** Mr. **** Madam **** *Billy* **** or any Writings whatſoever but my own.

Wit was begot by *Fancy*, born of *Fable*, fed by *Folly*, and has been generally nurſt and maintained at the Expence of *Virtue* and *the Publick*.

Wit and Wiſdom are for the moſt Part blended by the Poets, and conſidered as one and the ſame Thing; but Philoſophers, who know better, place them at a great Diſtance, and diametrically oppoſite. To give an Inſtance, — The Rev. Dr. — has a Fever in his Brain, that precipitates him to ſcribble an Epigram, the Point of which is turned on his beſt Friend; and this we call Wit. But had the good Doctor, under the ſame Circumſtances, ſwabbed himſelf in an eaſy Chair, and compoſed his Spirits to a Nap, by reading one of his own Sermons, and not ſatirized his beſt Friend, it had been Wiſdom.

Wiſdom

Wiſdom is a ſubſtantial Being, Wit an imaginary one; and between theſe two was begot *Humour*, who is a ſort of Hermaphrodite, and neither real nor imaginary. Wiſdom was always greatly enamoured with Truth, becauſe ſhe was naked, and between them was begotten *Good Nature*; but ſhe long ſince died of a Hectic under the Hands of Dr. — So that the only Beings that preſide over Poets (except the *Muſes*, who, by the Way, are become common Proſtitutes) are *Wiſdom*, *Wit*, and *Humour*; who ſeat themſelves in the Brain, and there make as much Buſtle, as *Pride*, *Love*, and *Reaſon* did in the Breaſt of the Princeſs *Perriwinkle*, whoſe Soliloquy on that Occaſion, I ſhall give you from the Pen of my ingenious Friend Mr. *Ebenezer Pentweazel*.

[The Princeſs *Perriwinkle* ſola, attended by fourteen Maids of great Honour.]

Sure ſuch a Wretch as I was never born,
By all the World deſerted and forlorn.
This bitter ſweet, this Honey Gall to prove,
And all the Sugar and Vinegar of Love.
Pride, Love, and Reaſon will not let me reſt,
But make a deviliſh Buſtle in my Breaſt.
To wed with *Fitzgig* Pride, Pride, Pride denies.
Put on a *Spaniſh* Padlock, Reaſon cries;
But tender gentle Love with every Wiſh complies.

Pride

Pride, Love, and Reaſon fight till ye are cloy'd.
And each by each in mutual Wounds deſtroy'd.
Thus when a Barber and a Collier fight,
The Barber beats the luckleſs Collier — white.
The duſty Collier heaves his ponderous Sack,
And big with Vengeance beats the Barber—black.
In comes the Brick-duſt Man with Grime o'erſpread,
And beats the Collier and the Barber — red.
Black, red, and white in various Clouds are toſs'd,
And in the Duſt they raiſe, the Combatants are loſt.

Various are the Opinions of the Learned concerning theſe my Labours. Mr. CONCORD, the *Grammarian*, tells me there is not a Word of *Engliſh* in the whole Book. Mr. CYPHER, the *Arithmetician*, has already ſent me an Account, caſt up, of ſix thouſand Faults, for the Diſcovery of which he has employd every Rule in his Art, except *Reduction*. Mr. FLORISH, the *Rhetorician*, aſſures me it is wrote without *Invention* or *Diſpoſition*; and that it is impoſſible to *pronounce* it with any Degree of *Elocution*. Mr. PUFF, the *Poet*, has wrote me a Panegyric on the Occaſion; but then he and I have agreed to rub Elbows. Mr. PUZZLE, the *Logician*, has obliged me with his Obſervations in Mood and Figure, A, E, I, O, *Barbara*, *Celarent Darii Ferio Baralipton*, and proved ſyllogiſtically, that I am the cleverest Fellow in the World, except himſelf.

himſelf. Mr. CARP, the *Critic*, ſent me a Botcher to mend my Work, a ſnarling Puppy! Mr. RUST, the *Antiquarian*, is very angry, and of Opinion that the Ancients did not write in my Manner. A certain DIVINE alſo ſhakes his Head and ſays, People had better read Sermons; and a PHYSICIAN declares publicly that it has made many of his Patients mad; for which my good Friend the Lawyer aſſures me the Doctor is liable to an Action, and deſires my Leave to cloath him with a Suit. Mr. FATHOM, a mighty Scholar! a living Lexicon! a Gentleman who has read the *Great Grammar of the Univerſe*, and obtained an intimate Acquaintance with *Men and Things*, ſends me Word that there is no Senſe in my Book; but aſſures me, at the ſame Time, that I need not be diſheartened on that Account, for it is the more likely to ſell; and to verify this he refers me to ſeveral ſenſeleſs Pieces that have lately been publiſhed with Succeſs; and to the *Taſte of the Times*. My Bookſeller alſo, by Way of Conſolation, and to lead me out of this Labyrinth, informs me, that he has great Intereſt with a Paſtry-Cook, who lives near him; and that he can help me off with the greateſt Part of the Impreſſion, if the Paper be of good Subſtance.

But

But, after all the Opinions of theſe great People, I ſhall rely on my own Judgment which I think preferable to that of any other Man, or any Body of Men, whatſoever.

THE

THE INTRODUCTION,

By the frequent Peruſal of which any Man (endowed with proper Talents) may learn to tell a Story with a good Grace, and ſo as to engage the Attention of the Audience, and excite in them Mirth and good Humour.

AS *Story-telling* is a great Help, and gives Life to Converſation, ſo ſhould they, who are poſſeſſed of this Art, or rather *Knack*, be very careful to chuſe pertinent Circumſtances, and never tell any Stories, but ſuch as may ſeem to ariſe out of the Subject-matter of Diſcourſe, or may ſerve to illuſtrate and enliven it: For *Story-telling* doth not conſiſt ſo much in Wit, as in Humour, which muſt be frequently aided and aſſiſted by cheerful Looks and whimſical Agitations. I will therefore venture to affirm, that the Succeſs of a Story, in a great Meaſure, depends upon the Make of the Body, and Formation of the Features of him that relates it; ſo that a *Story-teller* is born, as well as a Poet. Again, there is a Kind of a *Drama* in the forming of a Story, and the Manner of conducting and pointing it is the ſame as in an *Epigram*. It is a miſerable Thing, after one hath raiſed the Expectation of the Company, to purſue the Matter too far. There is no retreating, and how poor is it for a *Story-teller* to end his relation by ſaying, *That's all.* It is therefore neceſſary to leave off

in time, and end ſmartly. Thus much may ſuffice to ſhew the Nature of Story-telling in general, and ſome of the principal Ingredients required in the Compoſition of a Story-teller.

But this being the Art of entertaining Company, which every body aims at, and almoſt every one fails in, it may be proper to offer ſome more particular Rules and Examples to regulate the Conduct of thoſe, who engage in it. I know not any Thing that commands our Attention with more Delight, when a Perſon has a ſufficient Stock of Talents for it, ſuch as good Senſe, true Humour, a clear Head, a Fluency of Words, and a Variety of proper Geſtures, to give Life and Spirit to what he ſays. But, if any of theſe are wanting, the Audience, inſtead of being diverted, are diſobliged; and if the Perſon be utterly void of them all, as is very often the Caſe, he becomes a Nuſance to the Company, and they are upon the Rack all the Time he ſpeaks. It has ſometimes fallen to my Lot, that a Man, whom I never offended, has laid me under the Perſecution of a long Story, and compelled me to hear what neither concerned himſelf nor me, nor indeed any body elſe; and at the ſame time he was as much in earneſt, as if both our Lives and Fortunes, and the Felicity of the whole Kingdom depended upon what he ſaid. A Humour very unaccountable! That a Man ſhall be letting off Words for an hour or two, with a very innocent Intention, and after he has done his beſt, only makes me uneaſy, and himſelf contemptible.

This natural Infirmity in Men is not only confined to *Story-telling*, but appears likewiſe in every Eſſay whatſoever of their Intellectuals. For Inſtance, If one of them be a Preacher of God's Word, by far-fetch'd Criticiſms, numerous Diviſions and Subdiviſions, incoherent Digreſſions, tedious Repetitions, uſeleſs Remarks, weak Anſwers to ſtrong Objections, Inferences to no Premiſſes, tedious Exhortations, and many other Methods of Protraction, he ſhall ſpin you out a Diſcourſe for an Hour and a Quarter, unequally diſpenſing Opium and Edification to his Flock, there being ſeven Sleepers at leaſt for one Hearer. If he be a Lawyer, he ſhall by an

an uncommon Way of Amuſement, run away with a Subject, which might be explained in two Minutes, and dilate upon it two Hours, with ſuch a Volubility of Tongue, ſuch an Affluence of Expreſſion, with ſomething ſo like a good Style, and Manner of thinking, that the Judges and Jury attend with as much Gravity, as if there were a continued Chain of true Reaſoning and ſolid Argument. If he be a Member of the *Upper* or *Lower* Houſe, he does not proceed four Sentences, before the reſt know where to have him an Hour hence; in the mean time they divert one another, in talking of Matters indifferent till the Gentleman has done. I could bring many more Inſtances, did I not think theſe ſufficient for my preſent Purpoſe; beſides, leſt I ſhould incur the ſame Reproach myſelf, I muſt in a few Words divide the Story-tellers, into the ſhort, the long, the marvellous, the inſipid, and the delightful.

The ſhort *Story-teller* is he who tells a great deal in a few Words, engages your Attention, pleaſes your Imagination, or quickly excites your Laughter. Of this Rank were *Xenophon*, *Plutarch*, and *Macrobius*, among the Ancients; and Sir *Roger Shakeſides*, *Tom Tickle*, and *Peter Point*, among the Moderns.

When the *Nephelai* of *Ariſtophanes*, a Satire upon *Socrates*, was acting, his Friends deſired him to retire, and hide behind them. No, ſays *Socrates*, I will ſtand up here, where I may be ſeen, for now I think myſelf like a good Feaſt, and that every one has a Share of me.

Braſidas, the brave *Lacedæmonian* General, caught a Mouſe that bit him, and by that Means made its Eſcape. O *Jupiter!* ſaid he, what Creature ſo contemptible, but may have its Liberty, if it will but contend for it?

Diogenes having ſailed to *Chios*, while it was under the Dominion of the *Perſians*, ſaid in a full Aſſembly, the Inhabitants were Fools for erecting a College, and building Temples, ſince the *Perſians* would not allow them the Privilege of making their own Prieſts, but ſent them over the moſt illiterate of the *Magi*.

Auguſtus,

Auguſtus, while he was encamped with his Army ſomewhere near *Mantua*, was diſturbed three Nights ſucceſſively by the hooting of an Owl. Proclamation was made to the Soldiers, that whoever caught the Offender, ſo that he might be brought to juſtice, ſhould have an ample Reward for his Pains. Every one was loyally engaged in the Purſuit of this Bird. At laſt, one more vigilant than the Reſt, found him in a hollow Tree, ſo brought him in Triumph to the Emperor, who ſaw him with the greateſt Pleaſure; but gave the Soldier a Sum of Money, ſo far below his Expectation, that he let the Owl fly away that Inſtant: So true a Senſe of Liberty ran through the very meaneſt of the *Romans*.

The long *Story-teller* is one who tells little or nothing in a great Number of Words; for this, many among the Moderns are famous, particularly the *French*; and among ourſelves in this Kingdom we have a vaſt Number of the better Sort. As well as I can recollect there are ſix Deans, four Judges, ſix and thirty Counſellors at Law, ſixty five Attornies, ſome few Fellows of the College, every Alderman through the whole Nation, except one, all old Gentlemen and Ladies without exception, five of the College of Phyſicians, three or four Lords, two hundred Squires, and ſome few People of Diſtinction beſide.

I ſhall here inſert a Fragment of a long Story, by way of Example, containing a hundred and twenty nine Words, which might have been ſaid in theſe ten following, namely, *Nine Years ago, I was to preach for a Friend.*

I remember once, I think it was about ſeven Years ago——No, I lye, it was about nine Years ago, for it was juſt when my Wife was lying in of *Dicky*; I remember particularly, the Mid-wife would have had me ſtay, to keep her Company, and it was the heavieſt Day of Storm and Rain, that I ever ſaw before or ſince; but becauſe I engaged to preach for a very worthy Friend of mine, who lived about twenty Miles off, and this being *Saturday*, I could not defer it till the next Morning, tho' I had an excellent Nag, which could have rid it in three

three Hours; I bought him of a Neighbour, one Mr. *Maſterſon*, yet, becauſe I would not put my Friend in a Fright, *&c.* Thus far he went in one Minute. The Story laſted an Hour; ſo that upon a fair Computation he ſpoke ſeven thouſand one hundred and forty Words more than he had occaſion for. If a right Application was made of this Hint I have here given, it would be of admirable effect in the Diſpatch of publick Buſineſs, as well as private Converſation; nay, in the very writing of Books, for which I refer the Reader to the *Fable of the Bees*, and the two elaborate Treatiſes written by the learned Mr. *H——n*,

The *Marvellous* is he who is fond of telling ſuch Things, as no Man alive, that has the leaſt Uſe of his Reaſon, can believe. This Humour prevails very much in Travellers, and the vain-glorious; but it is very pardonable, becauſe no Man's Faith is impos'd upon; or, if it ſhould be ſo, no ill Conſequences can attend Perſons who are ſeriouſly extravagant, and expect another ſhould give Credit to what he knows impoſſible for the greateſt Dunce to ſwallow.

One of theſe, who had travelled to *Damaſcus*, told his Company, that the *Bees* of that Country were as big as *Turkies*. Pray, Sir, ſaid a Gentleman, begging Pardon for the Queſtion, How large are the Hives? The ſame Size with ours, replied the Traveller. Very ſtrange ſaid the other. But how got they into their Hives? That is none of my Buſineſs! Egad! Let them look to that.

Another who had travelled as far as *Perſia*, ſpoke to his Man *John*, as he was returning Home, telling him, how neceſſary it was for a Traveller to draw Things beyond the Life, otherwiſe he could not hope for that Reſpect among his Countrymen, which by this Means he might have. But at the ſame Time, *John*, ſaid he, whereſoever I ſhall dine, or ſup, keep you cloſe to my Chair, and if I do very much exceed the Bounds of Truth, punch me behind, that I may correct myſelf. It happened one Day that he dined with a certain Gentleman, who ſhall be nameleſs, where he affirm'd,

that

that he ſaw a *Monkey* in the Iſland of *Borneo*, that had a Tail threeſcore Yards long. *John* punch'd him. I am certain it is fifty at leaſt. *John* gave him t'other Touch. I remember it lay over a Quickſet-hedge, and therefore cou'd not be leſs than Thirty. *John* at him again. I cou'd take my Oath it was Twenty. This did not ſatisfy *John*. Hereupon the Maſter turn'd about in a Rage, and ſaid, Damn you, for a Puppy, wou'd you have the *Monkey* without any Tail at all?

Did not the famous Dr. *Burnet*, whoſe Hiſtory is much of the ſame Stamp with his Travels, affirm, that he ſaw an *Elephant* play at Ball? And that grave Gentleman *Yſbrant Ides*, in his Travels through *Muſcovy* to *China*, aſſures us, that he ſaw *Elephants* which were taught to low like *Cows*, to yell like *Tygers*, and to mimic the ſound of a Trumpet. But their higheſt Perfection, as he relates it, was that of ſinging like Canary Birds. However, this is not ſo marvellous, as what a Gentleman told a full Company in my hearing within this Fortnight. That he had ſeen a Show at *Briſtol*, which was a *Hare*, taught to ſtand on her hind Legs, and bow to all the Company; to each Perſon in particular, with a very good Grace, and then proceed to beat ſeveral Marches on the Drum. After this, a *Dog* was ſet on the Table. His Maſter, the *Showman*, made many grievous Complaints againſt him for High Crimes and Miſdemeanors. The Hare knits her Brows, kindles her Eyes like a Lady, falls in a Paſſion, attacks the *Dog* with all her Rage and Fury, as if ſhe had been his Wife, ſcratches, bites, and cuffs him round the Table, till the Spectators had enough for their Money.

There is a certain Gentleman now in *Ireland*, moſt remarkably fond of the *Marvellous*, (but this thro' Vanity,) who, among an infinite Number of the like Rarities, affirms, that he has a *Carp* in a Pond, by itſelf, which for twenty Years paſt ſupply'd him and his Friends with a very good Diſh of Fiſh, when they either came to dine or ſup with him. And the manner of it is thus: The Cook-Maid goes with a large Kitchen-Knife, which has a Whiſtle in its Handle, ſhe

no ſooner blows it, but the *Carp* comes to the Sluice, and turns up his Belly, till ſhe cuts out as much as ſhe has occaſion for, and then away it ſcuds. The Chaſm is fill'd in a Day or two, and the *Carp* is as ſound as a *Roach*, and ready for the Knife again. Now if he and his Cook-maid took the moſt ſolemn Oath to the Truth of this, or the moſt ſanctified *Quaker* ſhou'd ſay *Yea* to it, which is made equal to any Prelate's Oath, I wou'd no more give Credit to them, than I wou'd to the Colonel, who ſaid he was at the Battle of *Landen*, where his Majeſty King *William* of glorious Memory loſt the Day: And this Colonel, being in the utmoſt Confuſion, fled amongſt the reſt, and ſwore he had galloped above two Miles after his Horſe's Head was ſhot off by a Cannon-Ball, which he ſhou'd not have miſs'd, if the poor Creature had not ſtopp'd at a River-ſide to drink.

I ſhou'd be glad to ſpend an Evening with half a dozen Gentlemen of this uncommon Genius, being certain they wou'd improve upon one another; and thereby I might have an Opportunity of obſerving how far the *Marvellous* cou'd be carried, or whether it has any Bounds at all.

The *Inſipid*, who may not improperly be called the *Soporific*, is one, who goes plodding on, in a heavy dull Relation of unimportant Facts; you ſhall have an Account from ſuch a Perſon, of every minute Circumſtance, which happen'd in the Company where he has been; what *he* did, and what *they* did, what *they* ſaid, and what *he* ſaid, with a Million of trite Phraſes, with an *and ſo*, beginning every Sentence, and, *to make a long Story ſhort*, and, *as I was ſaying*, with many more Expletives of equal Signification. It is a dreadful Thing, when Men have neither the Talent of ſpeaking, nor the Diſcretion of holding their Tongues; and that, of all People, ſuch as are leaſt qualify'd, are commonly the moſt earneſt in this Way of Converſation.

The *Delightful Story-teller* is one, who adds not a Word too much, or ſays too little, who can, in a careleſs

leſs Manner, give a great deal of Pleaſure to others, and deſires rather to divert, than be applauded; who ſhews good Underſtanding, and a delicate Turn of Wit, in every thing that comes from him; who can entertain his Company better with the Hiſtory of a Child and its *Hobby-Horſe*, than one of the *Soporifics* can with an Account of *Alexander* and *Bucephalus*. Such a Perſon is not unlike a bad Reader, who makes the moſt ingenious Piece deteſtable, by drawing it through his Mouth. But, to return to the *delightful Story-teller*; I can't deſcribe him by any Words ſo well as his own, therefore take the following *Story*, to ſhew him in the moſt agreeable Light.

" A Mountebank in *Leiceſter-Fields*, had drawn a huge Aſſembly about him; among the reſt, a fat unwieldy Fellow, half ſtifled in the Preſs, wou'd be every Fit crying out, Lord! What a filthy Crowd is here! Pray, Good People, give Way a little! What a Devil has rak'd this Rabble together? Zounds! What ſqueezing is this? Honeſt Friend, remove your Elbow. At laſt, a Weaver, who ſtood next him, cou'd hold no longer. A Plague confound you, ſaid he, for an over-grown Sloven; and who, in the Devil's name, helps to make up the Crowd half ſo much as yourſelf? Don't you conſider, with a Pox, that you take up more room with that Carcaſe, than any five here? Is not the Place as fit for us, as for you? Bring your own Guts to a reaſonable Compaſs, and be damn'd; and then I'll engage, we ſhall have Room enough for us all."

This I tranſcribed from a celebrated Author, with great Pleaſure, and do recommend it earneſtly to my Countrymen, as the true Standard of *Story-telling*, both as to Style and Manner, and every Thing requiſite, not only to pleaſe the Hearer, but to gain his Favour and Affection. I love *Stories*, and always encourage them, when they are properly apply'd and innocent, in Oppoſition to thoſe gloomy Mortals, who diſdain every thing but Matters of Fact. Thoſe grave Fellows are my Averſion, who ſift every thing with the utmoſt Nicety, and find the Malignity of a Lie, in a Piece

of

of Humour, puſh'd a little beyond exact Truth. Nor have I any Opinion of thoſe, who have got a Trick of keeping a ſteady Countenance, who cock their Hats, and look Glum, when a pleaſant Thing is ſaid, and aſk, *Well?* and *what then?* Men of Wit and Parts ſhou'd treat one another with Benevolence, and I will lay it down as a Maxim, that if you ſeem to have a good Opinion of another Man's Wit, he will allow you to have Judgment.

Nay, my old Friend Sir *Roger Shakeſide*, who, in my way of thinking, tells a Story with as good a Grace as any Man living, will be often ſilent on this Occaſion, and tho' every Body knows he can ſpeak well, he will readily join in the general laugh, to ſupport the Merit, or Applauſe of a Rival, well obſerving, that a Man who talks of any thing he is famous for, has very little to get, but a great deal to loſe. This is the Part the prudent Man ſhou'd act, who has gain'd Superiority in any Branch of Knowledge. And, methinks, there is not a handſomer Thing ſaid of Mr. *Cowley*, in his whole Life, than that none but his intimate Friends ever diſcover'd he was a great Poet by his Diſcourſe.

But to come nearer the Point in Hand. When Sir *Roger* tells a Story, he always perſonates him upon whom it is founded; If a *Stateſman*, he ſhrugs his ſhoulders, looks grave and wiſe; if a *Divine*, he puts on an Air of Sanctity; if a *Beau*, he plays the Coxcomb; and if a Coxcomb, he plays the Fool. Thus is his Geſture ſuited to all ſorts of People he is about to repreſent, which is a moving, and material Qualification in *Story-tellers*.

Again, he is never prolix, or adminiſters *Opiates*, inſtead of *Cordials*. Therefore, for the time to come, be it hereby enacted, that if any Perſon, of what Rank ſoever, ſhall preſume to exceed ſix Minutes in a Story, to *hum*, or *haw*, uſe *Hyphens* between his Words, or Digreſſions, or offers to engage the Company to hear another Story, when he has done, or ſpeaks one Word more than is neceſſary, or ſtammers in his Speech;

Speech; that then it ſhall, and may be lawful, for any one of the ſaid Company, or the whole Company together, to pull out his, hers, or their Watches, and to make uſe of broad Hints, or Innuendo's for him the ſaid *Story-teller*, to break off, altho' abruptly; otherwiſe he is to have a Glove or Handkerchief cramm'd into his Mouth for the firſt Default; and for the ſecond, to be kick'd out of Company.

THE

THE
NUT-CRACKER.

MY Friend the Rev. Mr. *** who has as much Wit and Humour, and at the ſame time as much good Nature as any Man living, received t'other Day an Invitation to Dinner, wrote on the *Ten of Hearts*, by a young Lady of great Beauty, Merit, and Fortune. This, my Friend thought a good Opportunity to give the Lady a diſtant Hint of his Hopes, he therefore wrote the following Lines on the ſame Card, and return'd it by her own Servant.

Your Compliments, Lady, I pray now forbear,
For old *Engliſh* Service is much more ſincere;
You've ſent me *Ten Hearts*, but the *Tythe*'s only mine,
So give me one HEART, and take back t'other Nine.

This brought on an Intimacy and Friendſhip between them, but whether the Gentleman will ſucceed in his Attempt, is at preſent uncertain; however, Gentle Reader, you may depend on having the beſt Information we can give you in our next Edition.

Some Pretenders to the Mathematicks, at a Tavern near St. *Paul*'s Church-yard, were debating t'other Day about the Longitude, while the Drawer was waiting, and one of theſe mighty Philoſophers obſerv'd that the Longitude might be eaſily diſcover'd, cou'd they but find the perpetual Motion; upon this, the Drawer ran out, and calling his Miſtreſs, *Here, Gentlemen*, ſays he, *here is the Perpetual Motion for you, and now I hope you'll find the Longitude.* Madam was angry, and taking up the Bottle, knock'd him down, *There, Sirrah*, ſays ſhe, *learn to know your own Latitude, and for the future don't make too free with your Superiors.*

A cer-

A certain Nobleman, who has too much Fortitude and Greatneſs of Soul, to be ſhaken with every Breath, was in *Ireland* during the late Rebellion in *Scotland*, and one Morning, when it was reported that the Roman Catholicks were about to riſe, a Gentleman ran into his Chamber very abruptly, *My Lord, my Lord, we're undone*, ſays he, *all Dublin is up. Why, what's a Clock?* ſays the Nobleman. *Ten, my Lord*, anſwer'd the Gentleman. *Why then, truly*, ſays his Lordſhip with ſeeming Unconcern, *I'll get up myſelf, for I think every Man ſhou'd be up at ten o' Clock*

I happen'd once, ſince theſe great Hoops were in Faſhion, to be at a Chriſtning, when a Lady, who had more Vivacity than Diſcretion, began to rally a little Gentleman in Company about the Marriage of his Friend, who, it ſeems, was alſo a very little Man. *'Tis ſurprizing to me*, ſays the Lady, *that Miſs *** who we all know to be a Girl of good Senſe, ſhou'd ever think of ſuch a diminutive Animal; why I cou'd hide fifty of them under my Petticoat.*——*Madam*, quoth the Gentleman, *I don't doubt but you have had a hundred there before now.*

An Arch Boy, belonging to one of the Ships of War at *Portſmouth*, had purchaſed of his Play-fellows a Magpye, which he carried to his Father's Houſe, and was at the Door feeding it, when a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, who had an Impediment in his Speech, coming up, *T—T—T—Tom*, ſays the Gentleman, *can your Mag T—T—Talk yet? Ay, Sir*, ſays the Boy, *better than you, or I'd wring his Head off.*

A late diſcarded Miniſter ſeeing a Country Fellow fall down in the Dirt, ſaid to him, Well, *Dick*, I'm ſorry for your Misfortune. *Thank your Honour*, reply'd the Countryman, but don't be concern'd, for *there's many Ups and Downs in the World.*

The ſame arch Fellow being one day a little in Liquor, tumbled into a Ditch near *London*, and as he was ſtanding with the Filth almoſt up to his Chin, one of his Companions ſaid, You have made yourſelf in a fine

ſine Pickle now! *Ay, ay,* reply'd *Richard,* ſhaking his Ears, *I have done, what none of you dare do.*

Some Gentlemen riding over a Common by a Turf-cutter, enquir'd the Way to *Guilford*; when he had directed them right, they aſk'd what time o' Day it was? The Man, looking up to the Sun, told them it was Ten. But one of the Gentlemen, taking out his Watch, ſaid it was not Ten yet. *Then,* ſays the Fellow, *You may ride till it is and be pox'd, if you will; if you know better than me, why did you aſk the Queſtion, and be D—d?*

A certain Nobleman being call'd to *Scarborough* to drink the Waters, as he was walking one Morning, met *Dicky Dickenſon,* and civilly aſk'd how he did? *Do, my Lord,* reply'd he; *I do as moſt of you Noblemen do, I have turn'd off my Wife, and I keep my Whore.*

A Perſon in Company railing againſt a Gentleman, lately deceas'd, one of them, to vindicate him, ſaid, He thought him not ſo very bad, as he had been repreſented, adding, *To my Knowledge, Sir, he was very charitable; and Charity, you know, covers a Multitude of Sins. Faith, Sir, ſo it ought,* ſaid the firſt, *for he had a Multitude to cover.*

A Lady, belonging to a wealthy Pariſh in *London,* having had the Misfortune to bury ſeveral of her Family in a little Time, the Sexton brought her a Bill, which ſhe thought unreaſonable, demanded ſome Abatement, and tender'd him five Shillings leſs than he had charg'd. The Sexton ey'd the Money, and at length took it up, ſaying, *As you have been a good Chap, Madam, and I expect more of your Cuſtom, I'll take it for this Time; but I really can't afford it.*

A certain great Man having a good Living vacant, by the Death of a former Incumbent, was ſolicited by many neighbouring Clergymen of great Learning, for the next Preſentation, all whom he refus'd, becauſe they cou'd not inform him who was *Melchiſedeck*'s Fa-

ther; of which a young Fellow of a College in *Oxford* hearing, he came to the great Man, and aſk'd it for himſelf; Sir, ſays he, if you can tell me who was *Melchiſedeck*'s Father, you may ſtand a good Chance. *That I'll do inſtantly*, reply'd the young Gentleman, *and who was his Mother too.* And, putting his Hand in one Pocket, pulls out a Purſe of Guineas, ſaying, There is his Father, my Lord; then turning his Hand to the other Pocket, took another Purſe, and this, my Lord, is his Mother, ſays he. *Well*, anſwer'd his Lordſhip, *this is ſomething to the Purpoſe, I confeſs; let me only count the Syllables of their Names, and if they are right, you ſhall have the Living.*

A young Fellow, who fancied himſelf a good Player, reſolv'd to take to the Stage, and having offer'd his ſervice to the Proprietor of *Covent-Garden-Houſe*, was deſir'd to ſpeak ſome Lines of Tragedy by way of Probation, before the great Mr. *Quin*. While he was tearing away his Tragedy Speech, a Dog, who belong'd to ſome of the Company, ſet up a howling, which drown'd the Voice of the Actor: Hereupon Mr. *Quin* aſk'd whoſe Dog it was? and being anſwer'd, *He's a Dog of Judgment, by* Jove, ſays he; and then turn'd away on his Heel.

Another came alſo to offer himſelf, whoſe Talent lay in Comedy, and having given a Specimen of his Capacity to the ſaid Mr. *Quin*, he aſk'd if he had ever play'd any Parts in Comedy? The former anſwer'd, Yes; he had play'd *Abel* in the *Alchymiſt*. *I am rather of Opinion you play'd* Cain, *ſays* Quin, *for I am certain you murder'd* Abel.

One of the Comedians walking down *Bow-ſtreet Covent-Garden*, ſaw a poor miſerable Object aſking Charity; he ſtop'd and reliev'd him, ſaying at the ſame Time, *This Man muſt either be in very great Diſtreſs, or a very good Actor.*

A certain Preacher having changed his Religion for a good Benefice, was much blam'd by ſome of his Friends for deſerting them. To excuſe himſelf, he aſ-

ſur'd

ſur'd them he ſhou'd never have done it, *but for ſeven Reaſons*; being aſk'd what they were? he anſwer'd, *A Wife and ſix Children.*

A pious Country Gentleman, going through *Fleet-ſtreet*, and ſeeing ſeveral Men kiſſing the Whores, ſaid, *he was glad to find ſo much Chriſtian Charity in* London; *for he had heard it was a wicked Place.*

A Countryman of merry Diſpoſition, being inclin'd to joke with one of his Neighbours; *Hodge*, ſays he, *how many Cuckolds do you think there are in our Town*, excepting yourſelf? *Excepting myſelf! What do you mean by that*, quoth Hodge? *Nay, don't be angry*, ſays the other. *How many are there then including yourſelf?*

An *Iriſhman* on board a Man of War, was deſir'd by his Meſs-mate to go down and fetch a Can of ſmall Beer; *Teague*, knowing that Preparations were making to ſail, abſolutely refus'd. *Arrah! by my Soul*, ſays he; *and ſo while I am gone into the Cellar to fetch Beer, the Ship will ſail and leave me behind.*

A Country Gentleman, having married a buxom Widow, a few Weeks after Marriage, found it neceſſary to withdraw from the Buſineſs of Love for a little while; but not caring to let his Wife into the Secret, he procur'd a Subpœna, to be ſent him to attend as an Evidence at one of the Courts in *London*; which, ſhewing her, he took leave, with ſeeming Regret, and ſet forward on his Journey, and was abſent about a Month. A few Days after his Return home, the ſaid Gentleman and his Lady were looking out at a Window at their Cows grazing in a Field adjoining; *My Dear*, ſaid he, *what is become of the Bull, which us'd to be ſo briſk among the Cows here? Oh! Child*, ſays ſhe, *he's ſubpœna'd, I ſuppoſe, to the other End of the Field.*

A young Recruit, boaſting of his Bravery in a Country Village, and telling the People what mighty Feats he wou'd do; an old experienc'd Soldier, willing to try his Valour, took Occaſion to quarrel with him; and

and after many high Words, bid the Braggadocio clap his Hand to his Sword; *No, no, not at your Command truly*, ſays Bravo, *you are no Captain of mine.*

One of the mendicant Friars in *France*, and his Aſs loaded with Proviſions he had collected, being croſſing a Ferry; the poor Beaſt, with the Weight of his Load, and the Coldneſs of the Seaſon, trembled and ſhook exceedingly. One in the Boat, thinking to be witty, told the Friar, *his Brother there trembled.* *Ay*, ſays the Friar, *if you had a Cord round your Neck, Irons at your Feet, and a Man of my Profeſſion at your Elbow, you wou'd tremble too.*

A Phyſician, boaſting his great Knowledge in the Profeſſion, ſaid, he never heard any Complaint from his Patients; a By-ſtander wittily reply'd, *Very likely*, Doctor, *for the Faults of Phyſicians are generally buried with their Patients.*

A Man was ſued for the Value of a Horſe, which he hired of his Neighbour, and by his Careleſſneſs had ſuffer'd to ſtray into a Foreſt, and be devour'd by Wolves. After Evidence was heard in Favour of the Plaintiff, the Defendant was aſk'd whether he did not allow that the Horſe was a very good one. *I believe he was*, reply'd he; *for the Wolves did not leave a Bit of him.*

One ſeeing a Friend going before him in the Street, call'd, *Hallo.* A haughty *German*, paſſing by at the time, aſk'd what Buſineſs he had to cry *Hallo*, while he paſs'd by? *Damn you*, ſays the Engliſhman, *what Buſineſs had you to paſs by, while I was crying Hallo?*

A Man, complaining to his Friend, that his Wife's Drunkenneſs and ill Conduct had almoſt ruin'd him, concluded, as the Vulgar uſually do; and, for Goodneſs ſake, *what's to be ſaid for it?* *Nothing that I know*, ſays his Friend, *can be ſaid for it, but much againſt it.*

An

An honeſt Huſbandman, going from the Village where he liv'd, to the neighbouring Town, his Wife deſir'd him to buy her a Pair of Shoes, which he did, and gave her at his Return. The good Woman had a Gallant, with whom ſhe us'd to amuſe herſelf, in her Huſband's Abſence; and, one Day forgetting to faſten the Door, the good Man ſurpriz'd them, when together on the Bed. Upon this, he very calmly calls out, *So! ſo! Well! if you always go on at this Rate, the Shoes will laſt a good while.*

A handſome young Gentleman, having married an extremely ugly Lady, who was very rich; was aſk'd by his Friends, how he cou'd think of marrying ſo ordinary a Woman? *Look ye,* ſaid he, *I bought her by Weight, and paid nothing for Faſhion.*

A Country Farmer was obſerv'd never to be in good Humour, when he was hungry, which cauſed his Wife to watch carefully the Time of his coming Home, and always to have Dinner ready on the Table. One Day he ſurpriz'd her, and ſhe had only Time to ſet a Meſs of Broth ready for him. He, according to Cuſtom, began to open his Pipes, and maunder over it, forgetting what he was about, and burnt his Mouth to ſome Purpoſe. His Wife, ſeeing him in that Condition, comforts him in the following Manner: *See how it is now; had you kept your Breath to cool your Pottage, you had not burnt your Mouth,* John.

A Lady at *Tunbridge* having contracted a large Acquaintance among the *Beaus* and pretty Fellows there, a Gentleman aſk'd, *what ſhe wou'd do with them all?* Oh! ſaid ſhe, *they paſs off like the Waters.* And pray, Madam, reply'd the Gentleman, *do they all paſs the ſame Way?*

A young Fellow, riding down a Hill, and doubting the Foot of it was boggy, aſk'd a Clown that was ditching near him, if it was hard at the Bottom? Ay, ſays the Lout, 'tis hard enough at the Bottom, I'll warrant you. But in half a dozen Steps the Horſe ſunk up to the Saddle-ſkirts, which made the young

Gallant

Gallant whip, ſpur, curſe and ſwear; Thou Whoreſon Raſcal, ſays he, did not you tell me it was hard at the Bottom? *Ay*, reply'd the Ditcher, *but you are not half way to the Bottom yet.*

A Perſon was formerly try'd at *Kingſton* for having two Wives, before the late Lord Chief Juſtice *Holt*; and one whoſe Name was *Unit*, was to have been the principal Evidence againſt him. After much calling for him, word was brought to his Lordſhip that he cou'd not be found. *No*, ſays the Judge! then all I can ſay, is, *Mr.* Unit *ſtands for a Cypher.*

A drunken Fellow carrying his Wife's Bible to pawn at an Ale-houſe, for a Quartern of Gin, the Landlord refus'd to take it. *What*, ſays the Fellow, *will neither my Word, nor the Word of God paſs with you?*

In Queen *Anne*'s Reign, the Lord *Oxford*, as was ſaid, got a Number of Peers made at once to ſerve a particular Turn; being met the next Day by Lord *Wharton*, *So*, Robin, ſaid he, *I find what you loſt by Tricks, you have got by Honours.*

King *Henry* the VIII. appointing a Nobleman to go an Embaſſy to *Francis* I. at a very dangerous Juncture, he begg'd to be excus'd, ſaying, ſuch a threatning Letter to ſo hot a Prince as *Francis* I. might go near to coſt him his Life. Fear not, ſays old *Harry*; if the *French* King ſhou'd take away your Life, I'll revenge it by taking off the Heads of many *Frenchmen*, now in my Power. *But of all theſe Heads*, reply'd the Nobleman, *there may not be one to fit my Shoulders.*

A Juſtice of Peace ſeeing a Parſon on a very ſtately Horſe, rid'g between *London* and *Hampſtead*, ſaid to ſome Gentlemen with him, See what a beautiful Horſe that proud Parſon is mounted upon? I'll banter him a little. *Doctor*, ſaid he, *you don't follow the Example of your great Maſter, who was content to ride upon an Aſs.* *Why really, Sir*, reply'd the Parſon, *the*

the King has lately made ſo many Juſt-aſſes, that an honeſt Clergyman can hardly find one to ride on, if he had a Mind to it.

It was a uſual Saying of King *Charles* II. that Sailors got their Money like Horſes, and ſpent it like Aſſes, and the following Story, I think, is an Inſtance of it. One Sailor coming to another on Pay-day, deſir'd to borrow twenty Shillings of him. The money'd Man fell to telling out the Sum in Shillings, but a half-Crown thruſting its Head in, put him out, and he began to tell again; when an impertinent Crown-piece was as officious as his half-Brother had been, and again interrupted the Tale; ſo taking up a Handful of Silver, he cry'd, Here, *Jack*, give me a Handful when your Ship's paid; what a Pox ſignifies counting it?

A very modeſt young Gentleman of the County of *Tipperary* having attempted many Ways in Vain, to acquire the Affections of a Lady of great Fortune, at laſt reſolv'd to try what cou'd be done by the Help of Muſick, and therefore entertain'd her with a Serenade under her Window at Midnight; but ſhe order'd her Servant to drive him thence, by throwing Stones at him. *Oh! my Friend*, ſays one of his Companions, *your Muſick is as powerful as that of* Orpheus; *for it draws the very Stones about you.*

Alphonſo, King of *Naples* ſent a Moor (who had been Captive a long Time) into *Barbary*, with a conſiderable Sum of Money to buy Horſes, and to return at a certain Time. There was about the King a Buffoon or Jeſter, who had a Table-book, wherein he uſed to regiſter any remarkable Abſurdity that happen'd at Court. The day the Moor was diſpatch'd to *Barbary*, the Jeſter waiting upon the King at Supper, his Majeſty call'd for his Table-book, and read how *Alphonſo* King of *Naples* had ſent *Beltram* the Moor, who had been a long Time his Priſoner, to *Morocco* his own Country, with ſo many thouſand Crowns to buy Horſes. The King turn'd to him, and aſk'd, why he inſerted that? Becauſe, ſaid the Jeſter, I think he will never come back to be a Priſoner again; ſo

you

you have loſt both Man and Money. But, if he ſhou'd return, reply'd the King, then your Jeſt is marr'd. *No, Sir*, anſwer'd the Buffoon, *for if he ſhou'd return, I will blot out your Name, and put in his for a Fool.*

A Taylor ſent his Bill to a Lawyer for Money; the Lawyer bid the Boy tell his Maſter, that he was not running away, but very buſy at that Time. The Boy comes again, and tells him, he muſt needs have the Money. Did'ſt tell thy Maſter, ſaid the Lawyer, I was not running away? Yes, Sir, ſays the Boy; but he bid me tell you, *that he was.*

The late Earl of *S*———kept an *Iriſh* Footman, who, perhaps, was as expert in making Bulls, as the moſt learned of his Countrymen. My Lord ſent him one day with a Preſent to a certain Judge, who, in Return ſent my Lord half a Dozen live Partridges, with a Letter. The Partridges fluttering in the Baſket upon *Teague*'s Shoulder, as he was carrying them home, he ſet it down, and opened the Lid to quiet them; whereupon they all flew away. Oh! the Devil burn me, ſaid he, I am glad you are gone. But when he came home, and his Lord had read the Letter, why *Teague*, ſaid my Lord, I find there are half a dozen Partridges in the Letter: Now, Arrah, dear Honey, ſays *Teague*, I am glad you have *found* them in the Letter, for they are all *loſt* out of the Baſket.

Gun Jones, who had rais'd a handſome Fortune from a ſmall Beginning, happening to have ſome Words with a Perſon who had known him for ſome Time, was aſk'd, how he cou'd have the Impudence to give himſelf ſuch Airs to one who knew him ſeven Years ago, when he had hardly a Rag to his A——e? You lie, Sirrah, reply'd *Jones*, for ſeven Years ago, I had nothing but Rags to my A——e

A young Fellow, who had made away with all he had, even to his laſt ſuit of Clothes, one ſaid to him, Now, I hope you'll own yourſelf a happy Man; for you have put an End to all your Cares. How ſo? ſaid

ſaid the Gentleman. *Becauſe*, reply'd the other, *you have nothing left to take care of.*

A certain Perſon came to a Cardinal in *Rome*, and told him that he had brought his Eminence a dainty white Palfry, but he fell lame by the Way. Why then, ſays the Cardinal, I'll tell thee what to do. Go to ſuch a Cardinal, and ſuch a One, naming half a Dozen, and tell them the ſame Story. Now, had your Horſe been *ſound*, you cou'd have pleas'd but *one*; but as he is *lame*, you ſhall pleaſe half a Dozen.

Sir *T. P.* brought a Bill into Parliament, which wanted ſome Amendment, and not being attended to by the Houſe, he frequently repeated, that he thirſted to mend his Bill. Upon which, a worthy Member roſe up, and ſaid, Mr. Speaker, *I humbly move, as that Gentleman thirſts ſo much, he may be allow'd to mend his Draught.*

A *Welchman* and an *Engliſhman* vapouring one Day about the Fruitfulneſs of their Country, the *Engliſhman* ſaid, there was a Cloſe near the Town where he was born, which was ſo very fertile, that if a *Kiboo* was put in over Night, it wou'd be ſo cover'd with Graſs, as to be very difficult to find the next Day. *Splut*, ſays the *Welchman*, that's nothing, *there is a Cloſe where hur was porn, where you may put your Horſe in over Night, and not be able to find him next Morning.*

One told another, who was not us'd to be clothed often, that his new Coat was too ſhort for him. That's true, ſaid he; *but it will be long enough before I get another.*

Marcus Livius, who was Governor of *Tarentum*, when *Hanibal* took it, being envious at ſeeing ſo much Honour paid to *Fabius Maximus*, ſaid one day in the Senate, that it was he, not *Fabius Maximus* that cauſed the retaking of that City. *Fabius* ſmiling, ſaid, *Indeed you ſpeak the Truth; for, had you not loſt it, I ſhould never have retaken it.*

A Lady

A Lady that had married a Gentleman, who was a tolerable Poet, one day ſitting alone with him, ſaid, Come, my Dear, you write upon other People; prithee, write ſomething for me. Let me ſee what Epitaph you'll beſtow on me when dead? Oh! my Dear, reply'd he, that's a melancholy Subject! don't think of it. Nay, upon my Life you ſhall, ſays ſhe. Come, I'll begin. *Here lies* Bid. To which he anſwer'd,

Ah! I wiſh ſhe did.

Henry IV. of *France*, reading the following oſtentatious Inſcription on the Monument of a *Spaniſh* Officer; Here lies the Body of *Don*, &c &c. *who never knew what fear was.* Then ſays the King, He never ſnuff'd a Candle with his Fingers.

The late facetious Mr. *Spiller*, being at the Rehearſal one *Saturday* Morning, the Time when the Actors are uſually paid, was aſking another, whether Mr. *Wood*, the Treaſurer of the Houſe, had any thing to ſay to them that Morning? No, Faith *Jemmy*, reply'd the other; I'm afraid there's no *Cole*, which is a cant Word for Money. Well, ſays *Spiller*, *if there's no* Cole, *we muſt burn* Wood.

A Countryman driving an Aſs one day by St. *James*'s Gate, which was very dull and reſtive, he was forc'd to beat him very much; a Gentleman, coming out at the Gate, chid the Fellow for uſing his Beaſt ſo cruelly. *Oh! dear Sir*, ſaid the Countryman, *I am glad to find my Aſs has a Friend at Court.*

Two Brothers coming to be executed for ſome enormous Crime, the Eldeſt was turn'd off firſt, without ſpeaking one Word. The other mounting the Ladder, began to harangue the Crowd, who liſtned attentively, expecting he wou'd make ſome Confeſſion. *Good People!* ſays he, *my Brother hangs before my Face, and you ſee what a lamentable Spectacle he makes. In a few Minutes I ſhall be turn'd off too, and then you will ſee a pair of Spectacles.*

A Prince

A Prince laughing at one of his Courtiers, whom he had employ'd in ſeveral Embaſſies, told him, he look'd like an Owl ; *I know not*, anſwer'd the Courtier, *what I look like ; but this I know, I have had the Honour ſeveral times to repreſent your Majeſty's Perſon.*

An honeſt bluff Country Farmer meeting the Parſon of the Pariſh in a By-lane, and not giving him the Way ſo readily as he expected ; the Parſon, with an erected Creſt told him, that he was better fed than taught. *Very true*, indeed, reply'd the Farmer ; *for you teach me, and I feed myſelf.*

A ſeedy, poor half-pay Captain, who was much given to blab out every thing he heard, was told, there was but one Secret in the World, he cou'd keep, *and that was where he lodg'd.*

A Gentleman talking of his Travels, a Lady in Company ſaid, ſhe had been a great deal farther, and ſeen more Countries than he. Nay then, Madam, reply'd the Gentleman, *as Travellers, we may lie together by Authority.*

When the Duke of *Ormond* was young, and came firſt to Court, he happen'd to ſtand next the Lady *Dorcheſter* one Evening, in the Drawing-Room ; who being but little upon the Reſerve, wou'd every now and then let a Fart. Upon this Occaſion, he look'd her full in the Face, and laugh'd. What's the matter, my Lord, ſays ſhe ? Oh ! I heard it, Madam, reply'd the Duke. *You'll make a fine Courtier, indeed,* ſaid ſhe, *if you mind every thing you hear in this Place.*

A Gentlewoman, who had two Gallants, growing big with Child, the Queſtion was put, who ſhou'd be the Father ? when one of them who had a wooden Leg, offer'd to decide it thus ; ? *If the Child comes into the World with a wooden Leg, I will father it ; if not, it ſhall be yours.*

The Standers by, to comfort a poor Man, who lay on his Death-bed, told him, he ſhou'd be carried to Church by four luſty proper Fellows. *I thank you*, ſaid he, *but I had much rather go myſelf.*

Cato Major us'd to ſay, *That wiſe Men learnt more by Fools, than Fools by wiſe Men.*

A Toping Fellow was one Night making his Will over his Bottle; I will, ſaid he, give fifty Pounds to five Taverns, to drink to my Memory, when I am dead; namely, Ten Pounds to the *Salutation* for Courtiers; ten Pounds to the *Caſtle* for Soldiers; ten Pounds to the *Mitre* for Parſons; ten Pounds to the *Horns* for Citizens, and ten Pounds to the *Devil* for Lawyers.

A Traveller, coming into the Kitchen of an Inn, in a very cold Night, ſtood ſo near the Fire, that he burnt his Boots. An arch Wag, who ſat in the Chimney-corner, cry'd out to him, Sir, you'll burn your Spurs preſently. *My Boots you mean, I ſuppoſe*, ſays the Gentleman. *No Sir*, reply'd the other, *they are burnt already.*

A Gentleman ſends for his Carpenter's Servant, to knock a Nail or two in his Study; after the Fellow had done, he ſcratch'd his Ears, and ſaid, he hop'd the Gentleman wou'd give him ſomething to make him drink. Make you drink, ſays the Gentleman! There's a pickled Herring for you; *if that won't make you drink, I'll give you another.*

A young Fellow, praiſing his Miſtreſs before a very amorous Acquaintance, after having run over moſt of her Charms, he came at laſt to her majeſtic Gate, fine Air, and delicate ſlender Waiſt: Hold, ſays his Friend, go no lower if you love me. *But, by your leave*, ſays the other, *I hope to go lower, if ſhe loves me.*

A Dog coming open-mouth'd at a Serjeant upon a March, he ran the Spear of his Halbert into his Throat, and kill'd him. The Owner coming out, rav'd extremely,

tremely, that his Dog was kill'd, and aſk'd the Serjeant, *why he cou'd not as well have ſtruck him with the blunt end of his Halbert? So I wou'd,* ſaid he, *if he had run at me with his Tail.*

A certain Lady finding her Huſband ſomewhat too familiar with her Chamber-maid, turn'd her away, ſaying, Huſſy, I have no Occaſion for ſuch Sluts as you; *I hired you to do your own Buſineſs, not mine.*

Cato, the Cenſor, being aſk'd how it came to paſs, that he had no Statue erected for him, who had deſerv'd ſo well of the Common-wealth; I had rather, ſaid he, have this Queſtion aſk'd, than *why I had one.*

One aſking another, which way a Man might uſe Tobacco, and have any Benefit from it? *By ſetting up a Shop to ſell it*, ſaid he, *for certainly there is no Profit to be had from it any other Way.*

An Officer in the Cuſtoms at the Port of *Liverpool*, running careleſsly along the Ship's Gunnel, tip'd overboard, and was drowned. Being ſoon taken up, the Coroner's Jury was ſummon'd to ſit upon the Body. One of the Jurymen returning home, was call'd to by an Alderman of the Town, and aſk'd what Verdict they brought in, and whether they found *Felo de ſe? Ay, ay*, ſays the Juryman, ſhaking his Noddle, he fell into the Sea ſure enough.

Sir *William D'Avenant* the Poet, who had no Noſe, going along the *Muſe* one Day, a Beggar-woman follow'd him, ſaying, God preſerve your Eye-ſight. Why, good Woman, ſays he, doſt thou pray ſo much for my Eye-ſight? *Ah! dear Sir*, anſwer'd the Woman, *if it pleaſe God you grow dim-ſighted, you have no Place to hang your Spectacles on.*

A certain Lord had a termagant Wife, and at the ſame Time a Chaplain, who was a tolerable Poet, whom his Lordſhip deſir'd to write a Copy of Verſes on a Shrew. *I can't imagine*, ſaid the Chaplain, *why*

your Lordſhip ſhou'd want a Copy, *who have ſo good an* Original.

A young Gentleman, playing at Queſtions and Commands with ſome very pretty young Ladies, was commanded to take off a Garter from one of 'em; but ſhe, as ſoon as he laid hold on her Petticoats, ran into the next Room, where there was a Bed. *Now, Madam,* ſaid he, *I* bar *ſqueaking.* Bar *the Door, you Fool,* ſaid ſhe.

An arch Wag ſaid, *Taylors* were like *Woodcocks*; for they got their Subſtance by their *long Bills.*

It is certainly the moſt tranſcendant Pleaſure to be agreeably ſurpriz'd with the Confeſſion of Love from an adored Miſtreſs. A young Gentleman, having had great Misfortunes, came to his Miſtreſs, and told her, he was reduc'd, even to the Want of five Guineas; to which ſhe reply'd, I'm glad of it with all my Heart! Are you ſo, Madam, ſays he? ſuſpecting her Conſtancy: Pray, for what Reaſon? *Becauſe,* ſaid ſhe, *I can furniſh you with five thouſand.*

Daniel Purcell, the famous Punſter, meeting with a Friend on the 30th of *January,* being King *Charles*'s Martyrdom, they went to the *Salutation Tavern* on *Holbourn-hill,* where finding the Door ſhut, they knock'd. One of the Drawers, peeping through a little Wicket, aſk'd, what they wou'd pleaſe to have? Have, ſays *Daniel,* open your Door, and draw us a Pint of Wine. The Drawer anſwer'd, his Maſter wou'd not allow of it, for it was a Faſt. *D—n your Maſter,* reply'd he, *for a preciſe Coxcomb; is he not contented to faſt himſelf, but muſt make his Doors* faſt *too?*

A Senator, who is not eſteem'd the wiſeſt Man in the Houſe, has a Cuſtom of ſhaking his Head when another ſpeaks; which giving Offence to a particular Perſon, he complain'd of the Indignity. Hereupon, one who had been acquainted with the firſt Gentleman from a Child, as he told the Houſe, aſſur'd them it was only the Effect of an ill Habit: *For,* ſays

ſays he, *tho' he often ſhakes his Head, there is nothing in it.*

A charitable Divine, for the Benefit of the Country, where he reſided, caus'd a large Cauſeway to be begun; and as he was one Day overlooking the Workmen, a certain Nobleman paſſing by, ſaid, *Well, Doctor, for all your Pains and Charity, I don't take this to be the high Way to Heaven. Very true,* reply'd the Doctor; *for if it had, I ſhou'd have wonder'd to meet your Lordſhip here!*

King *Charles* II. being prevail'd upon, by one of his Courtiers, to knight a very worthleſs Fellow, and of a mean Aſpect; when he was going to lay the Sword upon his Shoulder, our new Knight drew back, and hung down his Head, as if out of Countenance. *Don't you be aſham'd,* ſays the King; *'tis I have the moſt Reaſon to be ſo.*

The Chaplain's Boy of a Man of War, being ſent out of his own Ship on an Errand, to another; the two Boys were conferring Notes about their Manner of Living. How often, ſays one, do you go to Prayers now? Why, anſwer'd the other, in Caſe of a Storm, or the Apprehenſion of any Danger. Ay, ſays the firſt, there's ſome Senſe in that; but *my Maſter* makes us go to Prayers, *when there's no more Occaſion for it, than for my running my Head againſt the Main-maſt.*

King *Charles* II. having order'd a new Suit of Cloaths to be made, juſt at a Time, when Addreſſes were coming to him from all Parts of the Country; *Tom Killigrew* went to the Taylor, and order'd him to make a very large Pocket on one Side the Coat, and a very ſmall one on the other; which, ſeeming very odd, when they were brought Home, the King aſk'd the Meaning of it? The Taylor ſaid, Mr. *Killigrew* order'd it ſo. *Killigrew* was ſent for, and being interrogated, ſaid, *that the large Pocket was for the Addreſſes of his Majeſty's Subjects, and the ſmall one for the Money they wou'd give him.*

A Gentleman was ſaying one Day at the Tilt-yard Coffee-houſe, when it rain'd exceſſive hard, that it put him in Mind of the General Deluge. *Zoons*, Sir, ſays an old Campaigner that ſtood by, Who's that? I have heard of all the *Generals* in *Europe*, but him.

A young Gentleman, having got his Neighbour's Maid with Child, the Maſter, a grave Man, came to expoſtulate with him about it. Lord, Sir, ſaid he, I wonder you cou'd do ſo! *Prithee, where is the Wonder*, ſays the other? *If ſhe had got me with Child, you might have wonder'd indeed.*

Some Gentlemen, coming out of a Tavern pretty merry, a Link-boy cry'd, Have a Light, Gentlemen? Light yourſelf to the Devil, you Dog, ſays one of the Company. *Bleſs you, Maſter*, reply'd the Boy, *I can find the Way in the Dark—Shall I light your Worſhip thither?*

Sir *Godfrey Kneller* the Painter, and the late Doctor *Ratcliffe* had a Garden in Common, but with one Gate; which Sir *Godfrey*, upon ſome Occaſion, order'd to be nail'd up. When the Doctor heard of it, he ſaid, he did not care what Sir *Godfrey* did to the Gate, ſo he did not paint it. This being told Sir *Godfrey*, *Well*, reply'd he, *I can take that, or any thing but* Phyſick, *from my good Friend, Doctor* Ratcliffe.

A Lieutenant of a Man of War, getting leave of his Captain to ſpend a Month or two in Town, lodg'd in a Houſe, where there were two Siſters, to the Eldeſt of which he made his Addreſſes; but Matters not being brought to a Concluſion, before his Time was expir'd, he was oblig'd to leave his Lady, and return to his Ship. He had not been many Weeks on Board, before he received a melancholy Letter from his Miſtreſs, in which ſhe told him, that the Fruit of their Love now began to appear; and that, if he did not come and perform his Promiſe, her Reputation was gone. Among her other Complaints, ſhe told him, that nothing vex'd her ſo much as the Reproaches of her Siſter, who, upon

on the ſlighteſt Occaſion, ſays ſhe, calls me nothing but Whore; *whereas, to my certain Knowledge, ſhe wou'd have been a Whore too had ſhe not miſcarried.*

A facetious Cannon of *Windſor*, taking his Evening-walk as uſual into the Town, met one of the Vicars at the Caſtle-gate, returning home ſomewhat elevated with generous Port. So, ſays the Cannon, from whence comes you? I don't know, Mr. Cannon, replies the Vicar; *I have been* ſpinning *out this Afternoon with a few Friends. Ay, and ſo now,* ſays the Cannon, *you are* reeling *it home.*

A few Days before the Battle of *Fontenoy*, a Party of Huſſars, who were forraging, met with a Party of *French* Horſe, who came to reconnoitre, upon which a Skirmiſh enſu'd; but the *French* being ſoon put to flight, were purſu'd by the Huſſars. The *French* Officer, richly dreſs'd, and better mounted than the reſt, ſoon left them all behind, except one Huſſar, who having a good Horſe under him, kept cloſe at his Heels; when the Officer thought he was out of Danger, he look'd back, and finding he had but one Enemy to contend with, boldly turn'd his Horſe, and fir'd at him; but the intrepid Huſſar advanc'd, without touching his Piſtols, tho' his Antagoniſt had fir'd twice. The *Frenchman*, having no more Powder and Balls, ſurrender'd himſelf Priſoner; and as they were returning, the Officer told him, he was a bold Fellow; and aſk'd him, why he did not fire in his own Defence? to which the Huſſar pleaſantly reply'd, *'Twas for your Coat I follow'd you ſo cloſe, and perhaps, had I fir'd, I ſhou'd have made a Hole in it.*

A Roman Catholick, after the Revolution, took the Oaths to the King; for which he receiv'd a ſevere Cenſure from his Prieſt, who aſk'd him, how he cou'd be ſo baſe? *Why,* reply'd the Gentleman, *is it not much better to truſt my Soul with God, than my Eſtate with the King?*

A dignified Clergyman, going down to his Living to ſpend the Summer, met near his Houſe, a comical

old Chimney-ſweeper, with whom he us'd to chat. So *John*, ſays the Doctor, from whence came you? From your Houſe, Sir, ſays Mr. *Soot*; for this Morning I ſwept all your Chimneys. How many were there, ſays the Doctor? No leſs than twenty, quoth *John*. Well, and how much a Chimney have you? Only a Shilling a-piece, Sir.——Why then, quoth the Doctor, you have earn'd a great deal of Money in a little Time. *Yes, yes, Sir*, ſays John, throwing his Bag of Soot over his Shoulder, *we Black-Coats get our Money eaſy enough.*

A Chaplain at the Hoſpital in *Flanders*, attending a Soldier at the Point of Death, deſir'd another Soldier that ſtood by, to come and join in Prayer; to which he anſwer'd, *No Sir, I thank you, mine is only an Ague.*

A Clergyman of great Openneſs and Sincerity, being made one of the King's Chaplains, the Queen told him, that ſhe was very glad that ſo honeſt a Man, and one that wou'd not be afraid to ſpeak the Truth, was come to Court; and at the ſame Time beg'd, that he wou'd, without any Scruple, tell her her Faults. Upon which, the Doctor, without any Ceremony, charg'd her with being covetous. Well, Doctor, ſays ſhe, now tell me another. *No*, quoth the Doctor, *your Majeſty muſt mend that firſt.*

An Author, reading his Tragedy to a Friend of his, who was a Proctor, when he had gone thro' three Acts, aſk'd him his Opinion? Why really, ſays the Proctor, this third Act is ſo full of Diſtreſs, that I don't ſee how you can poſſibly heighten it in the following ones; and then, conſequently your Play muſt grow flat. Oh! ſays the Author, let me alone for that, for I intend in the very next Act, to put my Hero into the Spiritual Court.

Czar Peter, when he was in *Holland*, hearing there was a Man then in Confinement, who had been three times tortur'd, but in vain, to make him diſcover his Accomplices; and being amaz'd at his Fortitude, had the

the Curioſity to ſee him, and accordingly went to his Cell, when he diſcover'd who he was to the Priſoner, and told him that he was ſurpriz'd how any Man cou'd have the Courage to ſuffer what he had done, and was ſtill likely to do, when by a Confeſſion he might free himſelf; and at the ſame Time deſir'd that he wou'd tell him for his own Satisfaction, whether he had any Accomplices or not, and promis'd, on the Word of a King, that it ſhou'd never go any farther. The Priſoner, looking at the *Czar* with a ſteady Countenance, ſaid in a ſolemn Manner, *Can your Majeſty keep a Secret?* The Czar reply'd, Yes, I can. *And ſo can I, quoth the Priſoner.*

An Actreſs, belonging to *Drury-Lane Theatre*, ſomewhat vain of her Singing, was tuning her Pipes in the Green Room, whilſt an Actor, remarkable for his Strength of Expreſſion, ſat in a penſive Poſture, with a Chaw of Tobacco in his Mouth. Mr. *Gravity*, ſays the Lady, don't you think I ſing like *Signiora*, &c. D—n me, Madam, if I was thinking about you, quoth he. Why, how now, Sauſe-Box, ſays ſhe, 'tis not ſo long ſince I ſaw you act the Part of *Timothy Rag* in your own Clothes, and the whole Houſe obſerv'd you was well dreſs'd for the Part. *Madam*, ſays the Gentleman, *if ſpitting upon you was not taking Notice of you, I wou'd do it.*

A good humour'd Wife, abuſing her Huſband on his mercenary Diſpoſition, told him, that if ſhe was dead, he wou'd marry the Devil's eldeſt Daughter, if he cou'd get any Thing by it. That's true, reply'd the Huſband, but the worſt of it is *one can't marry two Siſters.*

A Clergyman, who was inclin'd to write Notes on *Shakeſpear*'s Plays, carried a Specimen of his Performance to a certain Actor, and deſir'd his Opinion. *Sir*, ſays the Player, I wonder People won't mind their own Affairs: *You may ſpoil your own Bible, if you pleaſe; but, pray let ours alone.*

Fortune ſeeing a Child ſleeping by the Side of a Well, awaked him, ſaying, Riſe from hence, you little

tle Fool, for if you ſhould happen to fall in, 'twou'd be afterwards ſaid, that *Fortune*, not your *Folly*, had been the Cauſe of it.

A certain Soldier, who was ſeized with a panic Fear, came running to *Leonidas*, and ſaid to him, The Enemy, O *Leonidas*, are upon us; then we certainly are upon them, reply'd *Leonidas*. To another Soldier, who told him, the Enemy were ſo numerous, that their Darts obſcur'd the Sun: *So much the better*, ſays he, *for then we ſhall have the Pleaſure of fighting in the Shade*.

A Man, who had never been married, earneſtly perſuaded *Epictetus* the Philoſopher, to take a Wife; proving to him, that Marriage, ſo far from being derogatory to the Character of a Philoſopher, was, on the contrary, both juſt and neceſſary: *Give me therefore, ſays* Epictetus, *one of your Daughters*.

Publius Rutilius, a noble Youth of the ſevereſt Morals, refuſed to comply with an unlawful Demand of one of his Friends; which the latter taking very ill, ſaid to him, What Occaſion have I for your Friendſhip, if you won't do what I deſire you? *And what Honour ſhall I get by yours*, reply'd Publius, *if I, to pleaſe you, muſt do an immoral Thing*.

A certain Gentleman, being very angry with one of his Neighbours about ſome Expreſſions which had been told him again, cried out, The Devil take all the *Cuckolds*, I wiſh they were all in the River. Upon which his Wife anſwer'd, *O dear, Huſband, how can you make ſuch a Wiſh, when you know you can't ſwim?*

As the King of *France* was paſſing over the *Pont-neuf* at *Paris*, on a Winter's Day, he ſaw a *Gaſcoon* very thinly clad, looking into the Water; and riding up to him, aſk'd him if he was not cold? Upon which the *Gaſcoon* anſwer'd, *No, an't pleaſe your Majeſty; and if you'd do as I do, you wou'd not be cold neither*.

How

How is that, ſays the King? *Why wear all your Cloaths at once*, reply'd the *Gaſcoon*.

A Man, who had the Character of a great Penitent, us'd to divert himſelf now and then by beating his Wife. One of his Neighbours, being offended at this Act of Cruelty, aſk'd him, how he cou'd reconcile this ſort of Behaviour with that Repentance which he ſo much profeſt? To which the good Man made Anſwer, You muſt know, Neighbour, I have a very bad Memory, and therefore take this Method to rub it up; for whenever I beat her, ſhe is ſure to reproach me with all the Ill I ever did in my Life.

A certain Prince us'd to ſay, that to make a married State happy, it was neceſſary, that the Huſband ſhou'd be *deaf*, and the Wife *blind*.

A Poor Man, preſenting himſelf before the King of *Spain*, aſk'd his Charity; and told him that he was his Brother. *How do you prove that*, ſays the King? Why, quoth the Fellow, are not we all the Sons of *Adam?* Upon which, the King gave him a little Piece of Money: The poor Man began to bemoan himſelf, ſaying, Is it poſſible that your Majeſty ſhould give no more to your Brother? Away, away, ſays the King, if all the Brothers you have in the World, wou'd give you as much, you'd be richer than I am.

A Gentleman, riding through a River, which he ſuppos'd deep, bid his Servant go before. But he, to ſhew his Politeneſs, replied, *I never will be guilty of ſo much ill Manners; pray, Sir, do you croſs over firſt.*

A very dirty Fellow, who was playing at Cards, having a Run of ill Luck, wiſh'd himſelf at the Devil; when one that over-heard him, replied, *If you ſhou'd go in ſo dirty a Pickle, Friend, you'll make him ſpue.*

An *Italian* was accuſed for marrying five Wives, when being carried before the Judge, he was aſked why he

he had married ſo many? He anſwered, *in order to meet with a good one, if poſſible.*

A certain Gentleman, as he was making a Speech before *Giſmond*, Duke of *Auſtria*, not able to hold any longer, let fly with a prodigious Noiſe; when turning about to his Poſteriors, *If you are reſolved to ſpeak*, ſays he, *'twill be to no Purpoſe for me to ſay any thing*; and then purſued his Diſcourſe without being at all diſconcerted.

A Man, who was at the Point of Death, left Orders by his Will, to his only Son, that he ſhould ſell three *Faulcons* of great Value; that by the Sale of one, he ſhould pay his Debts; that the Money ariſing from the Sale of the ſecond, ſhou'd be employed for the good of his Soul; and that the third ſhou'd be ſold for his own Advantage. His Father dying a few Days after, one of the *Faulcons* flew away; which not being able to recover, he cry'd out, *That goes for my Father's Soul.*

A Man, who had Money enough to make him whimſical, on Account of ſome imaginary Indiſpoſition, order'd a Phyſician to be ſent for; who, preſently attending, felt his Pulſe, and examin'd his Urine; which, finding of a good Colour, he aſked him, *Sir, do you eat well?* He anſwer'd, *Yes. And do you ſleep well?* he ſaid, *he did. O then*, ſays the Phyſician, *I'll find you a Remedy, that ſhall drive away all theſe Things.*

Some People diſcourſing about the Damage *Rome* had received, by the overflowing of the *Tyber*, a certain ſprighty Wit ſaid, the *Romans ſhou'd pray to God, that the Tyber might be always ſick, ſince he never left his Bed, without doing a deal of Miſchief.*

A *French Marquis*, being one Day at Dinner at *Roger Williams*'s, the famous Punſter and Publican, was boaſting of the happy Geinus of his Nation, in projecting all the fine Modes and Faſhions; particularly the *Ruffle*, which he ſaid, *was de fine Ornament to de Hand*;

Hand; and had been followed by de oder Nations. *Roger* allow'd what he ſaid, but obſerv'd at the ſame Time, *that the* Engliſh, *according to Cuſtom, had made a great Improvement upon their Invention, by adding a Shirt to it.*

Villars, the witty and extravagant Duke of *Buckingham*, in the Time of *Charles* II. was ſaying one Day to Sir *Robert Vyner*, in a melancholy Humour, I'm afraid, Sir *Robert*, I ſhall die a Beggar at laſt, which is the moſt terrible Thing in the World. Upon my Word, my Lord, ſaid Sir *Robert*, there is another Thing more terrible, that you have Reaſon to apprehend; which is, *That you will live a Beggar, at the Rate you go on.*

One who was grown rich of a ſudden, from a very mean and beggarly Condition, and began to take great State upon him, was met one Day by a poor Acquaintance, who accoſted him in a very humble Manner, but being taken no Notice of, cried out, *Nay, it is no great Wonder you ſhou'd not know me, when you have forgot yourſelf.*

A *Venetian* Ambaſſador, going to the Court of *Rome*, paſs'd through *Florence*, where he went to pay his Reſpects to the late Duke of *Tuſcany*. The Duke complaining to him of the Ambaſſador the State of *Venice* had ſent him, as a Man, very unworthy his publick Character. *Your Highneſs*, ſaid he, *muſt not wonder at it; for we have many addle Pates at* Venice. *So have we,* reply'd the Duke, at *Florence*; *but we don't ſend them to treat of public Affairs.*

An *Engliſh* Gentleman aſk'd Sir *Richard Steel*, who was an *Iriſhman*, what was the Reaſon his Countrymen were ſo remarkable for blundering, and making Bulls? *Faith!* ſays the Knight, *I believe there is ſomething in the Air of* Ireland; *and I dare ſay, if an* Engliſhman *was born there, he wou'd do the ſame.*

The Lord *Jefferies* pleading at the Bar, before he was made a Judge; a Country Fellow, giving Evi-

dence

dence againſt his Client, puſh'd the Matter very ſtrongly; *Jefferies*, after his uſual Way, called out to the Fellow, Harkee, you Fellow in the Leather Doublet! What have you for ſwearing? To which the Countryman reply'd, *Faith, Sir, if you had no more for lying, than I have for ſwearing, you might e'en wear a Leather Doublet too.*

An *Iriſh* Lawyer of the Temple, going to Dinner, left theſe Directions in his Key-hole: Gone to the *Elephant* and *Caſtle*, where you may find me. *And if you can't read this, carry it to the Stationer, and he ſhall read it for you.*

It being prov'd on a Trial at *Guild-Hall*, that a Man's Name was really *Inch*, who had taken the Name of *Linch*; *I ſee*, ſaid the Judge, *the old Proverb is verified in this Man, who, being allow'd an* Inch, *has taken an* L.

In Eighty eight, as Queen *Elizabeth* went from *Temple-bar* along *Fleet-ſtreet*, on ſome Proceſſion, the Lawyers were rang'd on one Side, and the Citizens on the other; ſays the Lord *Bacon*, then a Student in the *Temple*, to another that ſtood next him, Obſerve the Courtiers; *if they bow firſt to the Citizens, they are in* Debt; *if to us, they are in* Law.

One aſk'd his Friend, why he, ſo proper a Man himſelf, marry'd ſo ſmall a Wife? *Why?* ſaid he, *I thought you had known, that of all Evils we ſhou'd chuſe the leaſt.*

Mr. *Congreve*, going up the Water in a Boat, one of the Watermen told him, as they paſs'd by *Peterborough Houſe* at *Mill-bank*, that Houſe had ſunk a *Story*. *No, Friend*, ſays he, *I rather believe it is a* Story *rais'd.*

One ſaying that Mr. *Dennis* was an excellent Critic, was anſwer'd, his Writings, indeed, were much to be valued; for by his *Criticiſms*, he taught how to write well, and by his *Poetry*, ſhew'd them what it was

was to writ all; ſo that the World was ſure to edify by him

It was aſk'd in Company, where Lord *C——d* was preſent, whether the *Piers* of *Weſtminſter* Bridge were to be of Wood or Stone? *Oh!* ſays his Lordſhip, *of Stone, to be ſure; for we have too many wooden* Peers *already at* Weſtminſter.

A Country Fellow, juſt come up to *London*, and peeping into every Shop he paſs'd by, at laſt look'd into a Scrivener's; where ſeeing only one Man ſitting at a Deſk, cou'd not imagine what was ſold there, and calling to the Clerk, ſaid, Pray Sir, what do you ſell? Loggerheads, cry'd the other. *Do you ſo*, anſwer'd the Countryman? *Egad! You have a ſpecial Trade then; for I ſee you've but one left.*

The Lord *N——h* and *G——y*, being at an Aſſembly at the Theatre Royal in the *Hay-market*, told Mr. *Heidegger*, he wou'd make him a Preſent of 100*l.* if he wou'd produce him an uglier Face than his, within a Year and a Day. Mr. *Heidegger* inſtantly fetch'd a Glaſs, and preſenting it to his Lordſhip, ſaid, *he did not doubt, but he had Honour enough to keep his Promiſe.*

An *Engliſh* Gentleman, being in *Brecknockſhire*, often diverted himſelf with ſhooting; but, ſuſpected not to be qualify'd by one of the buſy *Welch* Juſtices, his Worſhip told him, if he did not produce his Qualification, he ſhou'd not ſhoot there; for, ſaid he, *I have two little Manors. Yes, Sir*, ſaid the *Engliſh* Gentleman, *any Body may perceive that.* Perceive what? cries the Juſtice. *That you have too little Manners*, ſays the other.

A Gentleman, ſpeaking of *Peggy Yates* the famous Courtezan, who had always Abundance of fine Cloaths; ſaid, *ſhe was like a Squirrel, for ſhe cover'd her Back with her Tail.*

A Soldier was bragging before *Julius Cæsar* of the Wounds he had receiv'd in his Face. *Cæsar*, knowing him to be a Coward, said, *he had best take heed the next Time he ran away, how he look'd back.*

Colonel ***** who made the fine Fire-works in St. *James*'s *Park*, upon Account of the Peace of *Ryswick*, being in Company with some Ladies; and highly commending the Epitaph, just then set up in *Westminster-Abbey* to the Memory of Mr. *Purcell*, namely,

He is gone to that Place, where only his own Harmony can be exceeded,

One of the Ladies said, The same Epitaph may serve for you, Sir, by altering only one Word,

He is gone to the Place, where only his own Fire-works can be exceeded.

One asking a Painter, how he cou'd paint such pretty Faces in his Pictures, and yet get such homely Children? He reply'd, *Because I make the first in the Day-light, and the other in the Dark.*

A Country Parson, having divided his Text under two and twenty Heads, one of the Congregation was going out of Church in a great Hurry; a Neighbour pulling him by the Sleeve, asked whither he was going? *Home for my Night-cap*, answer'd the first, *for I find we are to stay here till Morning.*

A young Lady, who being lately married, on seeing her Husband about to rise pretty early in the Morning, said, What, my Dear, are you getting up already? Pray lie a little longer, and rest yourself. *No, my Dear*, reply'd the Husband, *I'll get up and rest myself.*

Judge *Jefferies*, on the Bench, told an old Fellow with a long Beard, that he suppos'd his Conscience was as long as his Beard. *Does your Lordship*, reply'd the old Man, *measure Consciences by Beards? If so, your Lordship has no Conscience at all*; for he was just shaved.

A Gen-

A Gentleman, calling for ſmall Beer at his Friend's Table, and finding it very flat, gave it back to the Servant, without drinking. What! ſaid the Maſter of the Houſe, don't you like the Beer? it is not to be found Fault with. *No*, anſwer'd the other, *we ſhou'd never ſpeak ill of the Dead.*

In the great Diſpute, between *South* and *Sherlock*, the latter, who was a perfect Courtier, ſaid, his Adverſary reaſon'd well; but he bark'd like a Cur. To which the former reply'd, *Fawning was the Property of a Cur, as well as barking.*

The famous Sir *George Rook*, when Captain of Marines, was quarter'd in a Village, where he buried many of his Men; at length, the Parſon refus'd to perform the funeral Service, unleſs he was paid for it; which being told to Captain *Rook*, he order'd ſix of his Men to carry the Corps of a Soldier, then dead, and lay it upon the Parſon's Hall-Table. This ſo embarras'd the Prieſt, that he inſtantly ſent the Captain Word, *if he wou'd fetch the Man away, he wou'd bury* him *and all his* Company *for nothing.*

The Duke of *Buckingham*, one Day making his Complaint to Sir *John Cutler*, a rich Miſer, of the Diſorder of his Affairs, aſk'd what he ſhou'd do to prevent the Ruin of his Eſtate? Live as I do, my Lord, ſaid Sir *John*. *That I can*, anſwer'd the Duke, *when my Eſtate is gone.*

At another Time, a Perſon, who had been a long Time Dependant upon his Grace, beg'd his Intereſt for him at Court, and to preſs the Matter more home upon the Duke, told him, *that he had nobody to depend upon, but God and his Grace.* Then, ſays the Duke, you are in a miſerable Way; *for you cou'd not have pitch'd upon any* two, *who have leſs Intereſt at Court.*

An *Iriſhman* being at a Tavern, where the Cook was dreſſing ſome Carp, obſerv'd ſome of them move after they were gutted and put into the Pan; which

much ſurprizing *Teague*, ſaid he, *Of all the Chriſtian Creatures I ever ſaw, this ſame Carp will live the longeſt, after it is dead.*

A young Gentlewoman, married to a very wild Spark, who had made away with a plentiful Eſtate, and was reduc'd to ſome Streights, ſaid very innocently to him one Day, My Dear, I want ſome Shifts ſadly. *D— me, Madam*, reply'd he, *how can that be, when we make ſo many every Day?*

A Poor ingenious Servitor at *Oxford*, not able to purchaſe a new Pair of Shoes, when his old ones were very bad, got them capp'd at the Toes; upon which, being banter'd by ſome of his Companions, *Why ſhou'd they not be capp'd*, ſaid he, *I am ſure they are Fellows?*

Two inſeparable Companions of the Guards in *Flanders*, had every thing in common between them; one was very extravagant, and unfit to be truſted with Money, hereupon the other was always Purſe-bearer, which he ſav'd but little by; for the former wou'd often pick his Pocket in the Night, to the laſt Stiver. To prevent this, he bethought himſelf of a Stratagem, and coming the next Day among his Companions, brag'd how he had bit his Comrade. Ay, how? ſaid they. *Why*, reply'd he, *I hid my Money in his own Pocket laſt Night; and I'm ſure he'll never look for it there.*

In Queen *Anne*'s Reign, the Lord *B*— married three Wives, who were all his Servants. A Beggar-woman, meeting him one Day in the Street, made him a very low Curtſey: *Ah! Godalmighty bleſs you*, ſaid ſhe, *and ſend you a long Life; if you do but live long enough, we ſhall all be Ladies in Time.*

Daniel Purcel, who had the Character of a famous Punſter, was deſir'd by an Acquaintance one Night, to make a Pun Extempore. Upon what Subject? ſays *Daniel*. The King, anſwer'd the other. *Oh! Sir*, ſaid he, *the King's no Subject.*

Diogenes

Diogenes begging, as was the Cuſtom of many Heathen Philoſophers, aſk'd an extravagant Man for more than he did any other. Hereupon, one ſaid to him, I ſee you know your Buſineſs; where you find a generous Perſon, you will make the moſt of him. *No*, ſaid Diogenes, *but I deſign to beg of the reſt again.*

King *Charles* II. being in Company with Lord *Rocheſter* and other Nobles, who had been drinking beſt part of the Night, *Killigrew* came in. Now, ſays the King, we ſhall hear of our Faults. *No, faith!* ſays *Killigrew, I don't care to trouble myſelf with that which all the Town talks of.*

A Gentleman, who had a Suit in Chancery, was call'd upon by his Counſel to put in his Anſwer, for fear of incurring Contempt; and why, ſaid the Gentleman, is not my Anſwer put in? How ſhou'd I draw your Anſwer, ſays the Lawyer, till I knew what you cou'd ſwear? *Pox o' your Scruples*, reply'd the Client, *do your Part as a Lawyer, and draw a ſufficient Anſwer, and let me alone to do the Part of a Gentleman, and ſwear to it.*

We commonly ſay, ſecond Thoughts are beſt, and young Women, who pretend to be averſe to Marriage, deſire not to be taken at their Words. *One aſk'd a Girl, if ſhe wou'd have him? Faith! no*, John, ſays ſhe; *but you may have me if you will.*

Colonel *Bond*, who was one of King *Charles* the Firſt's Judges, died a Day or two before *Oliver*; and it was every where ſtrongly reported, that *Cromwell* was dead. *No*, ſaid a Gentleman that knew better, *he has only given* Bond *to the Devil for his further Appearance.*

Mr. *Dryden*, one Day at Dinner, was offer'd the Rump of a Fowl; and on his Refuſal, the Lady ſaid, Pray Sir, take it; the Rump is the beſt Part of the Fowl. *Yes, Madam*, ſaid Mr. Dryden, *and ſo, I think it is of the* Fair.

A Butcher in *Smithfield*, lying at the Point of Death, ſaid to his Wife, My Dear, I am not long for this World, therefore adviſe you to marry our Man *John*; he's a luſty ſtrong Fellow, fit for your Buſineſs. *O! dear Huſband*, ſaid ſhe, *never let that trouble you, for* John *and I have agreed upon the Matter already.*

Some Men and their Wives, who all liv'd on the ſame ſide of a Street, being merry making at a Neighbour's Houſe; ſaid one of the Huſbands, It's reported that all the Men in our Row are Cuckolds, but one. Soon after, his Wife being thoughtful, What makes you ſo ſad, my Dear? ſaid he, I hope you are not offended at what I ſaid. *No*, ſaid ſhe, *I'm only conſidering who that one can be.*

A Woman proſecuted a Gentleman for a Rape; upon Trial the Judge aſk'd her, if ſhe made any Reſiſtance? *I cry'd out*, an't pleaſe your Lordſhip, ſaid the Woman. *Ay*, ſaid one of the Witneſſes, *but that was nine Months after.*

In the latter Part of Queen *Anne*'s Reign, *Tom*—— dining one Day with the Lord *Mayor*, after two or three Healths, the Miniſtry was toaſted; but when it came to *Tom*'s turn to drink, he diverted it for ſome Time by telling a Story to the Perſon who ſat next him. The chief Magiſtrate of the City, not ſeeing his Toaſt go round, call'd out, Gentlemen, where ſticks the Miniſtry? *At nothing*, by G— ſays Tom, *and drank off his Glaſs.*

A certain Nobleman a Courtier, in the beginning of the late Reign, coming out of the Houſe of Lords, accoſted the Duke of *Buckingham*, with how does your Pot boil, my Lord, theſe troubleſome Times? To which his Grace reply'd, *I never go into my Kitchen, but I dare to ſay the Scum is uppermoſt.*

A wild young Nobleman, being in Company with ſome ſober People, deſir'd leave to toaſt the D—l. The Gentleman who ſat next him, ſaid, *he had no Objection to any of his Lordſhip's Friends.*

A melt-

A melting Sermon being preach'd in a Country Church, all the Congregation fell a weeping, but one Man; who being aſked why he did not weep with the reſt? *Oh!* ſaid he, *I belong to another Pariſh.*

A Country Squire aſk'd a *merry Andrew*, why he play'd the Fool? *For the ſame Reaſon*, ſays he, *as you do; out of Want: You do it for want of Wit, I for want of Money.*

A Gentleman in the Country, whoſe Wife had the Misfortune to hang herſelf on an Apple-tree, a Neighbour came in, and beg'd he wou'd give him a Cyon of that Tree, that he might graft it upon one in his own Orchard; *for who knows*, ſaid he, *but it may bear the ſame Fruit?*

A noble Duke, who ſtammer'd ſo much, that he was obliged to have a Servant ſtand behind him to repeat what he ſaid, aſk'd a Clergyman at his Table, by Way of Joke, if he knew what was the Reaſon that *Balaam*'s Aſs ſpoke? The Clergyman not underſtanding him, the Servant repeated what his Grace had ſaid, to which the Parſon pleaſantly anſwer'd, that *Balaam* ſtutter'd, and his Aſs ſpoke for him.

The ſame noble Duke aſk'd a Clergyman once at the Bottom of his Table, why the Gooſe, if three was one, was always plac'd next to the Parſon? *Really*, ſaid he, *I can give no Reaſon for it; but your Queſtion is ſo odd, that I ſhall never ſee a Gooſe for the future, without thinking upon your Lordſhip.*

A Lady's Age happening to be queſtion'd, ſhe affirm'd it was but forty, and call'd to a Gentleman, who was in Company, to deliver his Opinion. Couſin, ſaid ſhe, do you believe I am right, when I ſay, I am but forty? I'm ſure, Madam, ſaid he, I ought not to diſpute it; for I have conſtantly heard you ſay ſo for above theſe ten Years.

A Countryman ſowing his Field, and two ſmart Fellows riding by, one of 'em call'd to him with an inſolent

inſolent Air; well, honeſt Countryman, it is your Buſineſs to ſow, but we reap the Fruits of your Labours. To which the Farmer replied, *It is very likely you may, for truly I am ſowing Hemp.*

A young *Grecian* being ſhewn to the Emperor *Auguſtus*, who, 'twas ſaid, very much reſembled him, aſk'd the young Man, If his Mother had not been at *Rome*? *No, Sir*, anſwer'd the *Grecian, but my Father has.*

The late Colonel *Charteris* reflecting upon his ill Life and public Character, told a Nobleman, If ſuch a Thing as a good Name could be purchaſed, he would freely give 10,000 *l.* for it. The Nobleman ſaid, It would be the worſt Money he ever laid out in his Life. Why ſo? ſays the Colonel, *Becauſe*, replied his Lordſhip, *you would certainly forfeit it again in leſs than a Week.*

Three Gentlemen being at a Tavern, whoſe Names were *Moor*, *Strange*, and *Wright*, ſays the laſt, there is but one Cuckold in Company, and that's *Strange*; yes, anſwer'd *Strange*, here is one *Moor*; Ay! ſaid *Moor*, that's *Wright*.

A Gentleman nam'd *Ball*, being about to purchaſe a *Cornecy* in a Regiment, was preſented to the Colonel for his Approbation, who, being a Nobleman, declar'd that he did not like the Name, and would have no *Balls* in his Regiment, *Nor Powder neither*, ſaid the Gentleman, *if your Lordſhip could help it.*

The Dutcheſs of *Newcaſtle*, who wrote Plays and Romances in K *Charles* the Second's Time, aſked Biſhop *Wilkins*, How ſhe could get up to the World in the Moon which he had diſcovered? for as the Journey muſt needs be very long, there would be no Poſſibility of going through, without baiting by the way. Oh! Madam, ſaid the Biſhop, *Your Grace has built ſo many Caſtles in the Air, you cannot want a Place to bait at.*

A Country

A Country Squire being in Company with his Miſtreſs, and wanting his ſervant, cried out, Where is the Blockhead? *Upon your Shoulders*, ſaid the Lady.

A certain Prieſt in a rich Abbey in *Florence*, being a Fiſherman's Son, cauſed a Net to be ſpread every Day in his Appartment on the Table, to put him in mind of his Original. The Abbot dying, his pretended Humility cauſed him to be choſen his Succeſſor, after which the Net was thrown by. Being aſk'd the Reaſon of it, he anſwer'd, *There is no Occaſion for the Net, now the Fiſh is caught.*

Apelles, the famous Painter, having drawn the Picture of *Alexander* the Great on Horſeback, brought it as a Preſent to that Prince; who not beſtowing that Praiſe upon it as ſo excellent a Piece deſerved, *Apelles* deſired a living Horſe might be brought, who, moved by Nature, fell to prancing and neighing, as tho' the Picture had been really a living Creature of the ſame Species: Hereupon *Apelles* told *Alexander*, *That his Horſe underſtood painting better than himſelf.*

It was a beautiful Turn given by a great Lady, who being aſk'd where her Huſband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concern'd in a Conſpiracy? reſolutely anſwer'd, I have hid him. This frank Confeſſion drew her before the King, who told her, Nothing but diſcovering where her Lord was concealed could ſave her from Torture; and will that do, Sir? ſays the Lady, Yes, replied the King, I have given my Word for it. *Then*, ſays ſhe, *I have hid him in my Heart, there you'll find him.* Which ſurpriſing Anſwer charmed her Enemies, and turn'd aſide the King's Reſentment.

A Country Gentleman riding down *Cornhill*, his Horſe ſtumbled and threw him at a Shop Door, the Miſtreſs whereof, being a pleaſant Woman, and ſeeing no Hurt done, aſked whether his Horſe uſed to ſerve him ſo? Yes, ſaid he, whenever he comes to the Door of a Cuckold. *L—d, Sir*, ſaid ſhe, *I would adviſe you to*

go

go back again, for you will have a hundred Falls before you get to the Top of Cheapſide.

A Perſon ſpeaking to the Earl of *C——d* of the falſe Taſte of many People of Quality, and of their Ignorance in Things which they pretend to underſtand; my Lord anſwer'd, *Moſt of our People of Quality judge of every Thing by their Ears but the Opera, and that they go to ſee.*

Two Perſons quarrelling at a Tavern, one of them after the Heat was over, being ſtraitened for Room to make Water and hemn'd in, ſaid o his Antagoniſt, *How ſhall I get by you?* Get by me ſaid the other! *Why, what a Pox did I ever get by you?*

The old Lord *Stamford* taking a Bottle with the Parſon of the Pariſh, was commending his own Wine. Here, Doctor, ſaid he, I can ſend a Couple of Ho—Ho—Ho—Hounds to *Fra—Fra—France*, for his Lordſhip had a great Impediment in his Speech, and have a Ho—Ho—Hogſhead of Wine for'em. What do you ſay to that Doctor? *Why, my Lord*, replies the Doctor, *I think your Lordſhip has your Wine* Dog-cheap.

A Sea-officer, who, for his Bravery in a late Engagement wherein he had loſt a Leg, was preferred to the Command of a good Ship; in the Heat of his next Engagement, a Cannon Ball took of his wooden Deputy, ſo that he fell upon the Deck. A Sailor thinking he had been freſh wounded, called out for the Surgeon; *No, No,* ſaid the Captain, *the Carpenter will do.*

A mad Crew went to a Tavern with a Reſolution to get drunk; one, more over-powered than the Reſt, ſpew'd perpetually, and, finding he could keep them Company no longer, call'd for the Reckoning. Why, ſaid one, can't you tell that, who have ſo often caſt up what you drank? *No, marry, I cannot*, ſaid he, *I was ſo buſy in caſting up the Account, that I did not mind the Reckoning.*

A Gen-

A Gentleman having beſpoke a Supper at an Inn, deſir'd the Landlord to ſup with him. The Hoſt came up, and thinking to pay a greater Compliment than ordinary to his Gueſt, pretended to find Fault with the laying of the Cloth, and took the Plates and Knives and threw them down Stairs. The Gentleman reſolving not to baulk his Humour, threw the Bottles and Glaſſes after them; at which the Hoſt ſurpriſed, enquired the Reaſon of it. *Nay, nothing*, replied the Gentleman, *but when I ſaw you throw the Plates and Knives down, I thought you had a-mind to ſup below.*

A Man with a Dog named *Cuckold*, returning home one Evening, the Dog run in a-doors firſt. Oh! Mother, ſays the Boy, *Cuckold*'s come. *Nay then*, ſays the Mother, *your Father's not far off.*

A *Braggadocio*, upon a certain Occaſion, chanced to run away; and being aſk'd by one, What was become of all that Courage he uſed ſo much to boaſt of? *It is got*, ſaid he, *all into my Heels.*

A Perſon having two very wicked Sons, one of whom robb'd him of his Money, the other of his Goods, his Neighbours came in to condole his Misfortune, when one of them told him, *He might ſue the hundred for the Loſs, as he had been robb'd between Son and Son.*

A Dyer in a Court of Juſtice being order'd to hold up his Hand, which was all black; *Take off your Glove, Friend*, ſaid the Judge to him. *Put on your Spectacles, my Lord*, anſwer'd the Dyer.

One who was formerly in good Circumſtances, but had ſquander'd away his Eſtate, and had left himſelf no more neceſſaries, than a ſorry Bed, a little Table, a few broken Chairs, and other ſuch Lumber, ſeeing a Gang of Thieves endeavouring to break into his Houſe one Night, he bawled out to them; *Are ye not a damn'd Pack of Fools! to think to find any Thing here in the Dark, where I can find nothing by Day-light.*

Two Ladies juſt return'd from *Bath* were telling a Gentleman how well they lik'd the Place, and how it agreed with them; the firſt had been very Ill, and receiv'd great Benefit from the Waters; but, pray Madam, what did you go for, ſaid he to the ſecond? *Mere Wantonneſs*, replied ſhe; *and*, pray Madam, *did it cure you?*

Dr. *M—d* coming out of *Tom*'s Coffee-houſe, an impudent, broken Apothecary met him at the Door, and deſir'd he would lend him five Guineas; ſo! ſaid the Doctor, *I am ſurpriſed you ſhould apply to me for ſuch a Favour, who don't know you! Oh! dear Sir*, reply'd the Apothecary, *It is for that very Reaſon I aſk it, for thoſe who do know me won't lend me a Farthing.*

A Youth ſtanding by while his Father was at Play, and obſerving him to loſe a good deal of Money, burſt out in Tears; his Father aſk'd the Reaſon why he wept, *Oh! Sir*, ſaid he, *I have heard, that* Alexander *the Great wept when he was told his Father* Philip *had conquer'd a great many Towns, Cities and Countries, fearing he would leave him nothing to win; but I weep for fear you ſhould leave me nothing to loſe.*

Two conceited Coxcombs, wrangling and expoſing one another before Company; one told them, that they acted like Wits, *who*, ſays he, *never give over, till they prove one another Fools.*

A drunken Fellow having made away with all his Goods, except his Feather-bed, was at length obliged to part with that too; for which being reprov'd by ſome Friends, *Phoh!* ſays he, *I am very well, thank God, and why ſhould I keep my Bed?*

In a Cauſe tried at the *King's Bench*, a Witneſs was produced who had a very red Noſe, and one of the Counſel, who had a good Stock of Aſſurance, being deſirous to put him out of Countenance, called out to him after he was ſworn, Well, let's hear what you have to ſay with your Copper-Noſe? *Why, Sir*, ſaid he, *by the Oath*

Oath I have taken, I would not exchange my Copper-Noſe *for your* Brazen-Face.

A Book was publiſh'd in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Time, which gave her great Offence; hereupon ſhe aſk'd Lord *Bacon*, if he could find no Treaſon in it? *No, Madam,* ſaid he, *but Abundance of Felony; for the Author has ſtole half his Conceits out of* Tacitus.

King *Charles* II. coming through *Shore-Ditch* from *New-Market*, obſerv'd a Wall lately made of Horns there, which is common in that Road, and bid Lord *Rocheſter*, who was with him in the Coach, take Notice of it. *Ay, Sir,* ſaid he, *the Citizens have been laying their Heads together to mend the Way againſt your Majeſty came by.*

A Gentleman living in *Jamaica*, a few Years ago, had a Wife not the beſt humour'd in the World, to whom he made an indulgent Huſband, and oblig'd as far as in his Power lay. One Day ſhe aſk'd him to buy her a Pad; he did ſo, and a very fine one it was, which ſoon after gave her a Fall and broke her Neck. Another Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, bleſs'd with a termagant Scold, aſk'd the Widower, If he would ſell his Wife's Pad, for he had a great Fancy for it? *No,* ſaid the other, *I don't care to ſell it, for I am not ſure I ſha'nt marry again.*

An ignorant Clown, who had the Character of being a great Scholar in the Country, becauſe he could write and read, coming to *London*, and enquiring into all the ſtrange Things he ſaw, at laſt read upon a Sign-poſt, *Here are Horſes to be lett,* 1748. *Jeſu!* ſays he, *If there be ſo many Horſes in one Inn, how many are there in the whole City?*

A Scholar declaiming in a College-Hall, having a bad Memory, was at a Stand, and, in a low Voice, deſir'd one who ſtood cloſe by him to help him out; *No,* ſays the other, *methinks you are out enough already.*

A young learn'd Gentleman, who was to preach a Probation Sermon for a good Lectureſhip in the City, had but a *bad Delivery*, tho' otherways an excellent Preacher. A Friend, when he came out of the Pulpit, wiſh'd him Joy, and ſaid, He would certainly carry the Election; for he had no Body's *Voice* againſt him but his own.

A great Lord, who had run himſelf over Head and Ears in Debt, and ſeeming quite eaſy about the Matter, was aſk'd one Day by a Friend, How he could ſleep ſo well, when he was ſo much in Debt: *For my Part*, reply'd my Lord, *I ſleep very well, but I wonder how my Creditors can!*

It was well anſwer'd by Archbp. *Tillotſon*, when King *William* III. complain'd of the Shortneſs of his Sermon, *Sir*, ſaid the Biſhop, *could I have beſtow'd more Time upon it, I would not have been ſo long.*

In a Viſit Queen *Elizabeth* made to the famous Lord Chancellor *Bacon*, at a ſmall Country Seat he built for himſelf before his Preferment; ſhe aſk'd him, *How it came to paſs, that he had made himſelf ſo ſmall a Houſe? It is not I, Madam*, anſwer'd he, *who have made my Houſe too ſmall for myſelf, but your Majeſty who have made me too big for my Houſe.*

A Schoolmaſter aſk'd one of his Boy's, in a ſharp Winter-morning, What was *Latin* for Cold? the Boy heſitating a little, the Maſter ſaid, What, Sirrah, can't you tell? *Yes, Sir*, ſays the Boy, *I have it at my Fingers Ends.*

A Gentlewoman cheap'ning a Cloſe-ſtool, bid too little for it; the Cabinet-maker, to perſuade her to give more, deſir'd ſhe would look upon the Goodneſs of the Lock and Key; *As for that*, anſwer'd the Gentlewoman, *I value it not; for I deſign to put nothing into it, that I care who ſteals out.*

Mr. *Pope* being at Dinner with a Noble Duke, had his own Servant in Livery waiting upon him; the Duke

Duke aſk'd, Why he, that eat moſtly at other People's Tables, ſhould be ſuch a Fool as to keep a Fellow in Livery only to laugh at him? *'Tis true*, anſwer'd the Poet, *I keep but one to laugh at me, but your Grace has the Honour to keep a Dozen.*

An impudent ridiculous Fellow, being laughed at by all that came into his Company, told ſome of his Acquaintance, that he had the happy Quality of laughing at all thoſe who laugh'd at him; *then*, ſaid one of them, *you lead the merrieſt Life of any Man in Chriſtendom.*

A Lord, endeavouring to perſuade one of his Dependants to marry his caſt-off Miſtreſs, ſaid, Tho' ſhe had been uſed a little, when ſhe had got a good Huſband, ſhe might turn; *Ay, but, my Lord*, reply'd the other, *ſhe has been ſo much uſed, that I am afraid ſhe is not worth turning.*

A Gentleman falling to Decay, and obliged to ſhift about where he could, among the reſt, viſited an old Acquaintance, and ſtaid with him ſeven Days, in which Time the Man began to grow weary of his Gueſt, and, to get rid of him, pretended to fall out with his Wife, by which Means their Fare was very ſlender; the Gentleman, aware of the Deſign, but, not knowing where to go to mend his Quarters, told them, *He had been there ſeven Days, and had not ſeen any Difference between 'em before; and that he was reſolv'd to ſtay ſeven Weeks longer, but he would ſee them Friends again.*

Upon the Death of the famous *Moliere*, a Poet waiting upon the Prince of *Conde* with his Epitaph, the Prince told him, *He ſhould have been much better pleaſed, if* Moliere *had brought him his.*

Ben. Johnſon, being one Night at the Devil-Tavern, there was a Country Gentleman in the Company, who interrupted all their Diſcourſe with an Account of his Lands and Tenements; at laſt *Ben*, unable to bear with it any longer, ſaid, What ſignifies your Dirt and your Clods to us? where you have one Acre of Land, I have ten Acres of Wit. Have you ſo? reply'd the

Countryman, *good Mr. Wiſacre?* This unexpected Repartee from the Clown ſtruck *Ben* mute for ſome Time; why, how now *Ben?* ſays one of the Company, you ſeem to be quite ſtung; *Why, I never was ſo prick'd by a Hobnail before*, reply'd he.

Alexander the Great aſk'd *Dionides*, a famous Pirate, who was brought Priſoner to him, How he durſt rob and plunder in his Seas? He boldly anſwer'd, That he did it for his Profit, and as *Alexander* himſelf uſed to do; *but, becauſe I do it with one ſingle Galley, I am call'd a* Pirate, *and you, Sir, who do it with a great Army, is call'd a* King. This bold Anſwer ſo pleaſed *Alexander*, that he ſet him at Liberty.

A young Fellow being told his Miſtreſs was married, and the better to convince him of it, the Gentleman added, that he had ſeen the Bride and Bridegroom; Prithee, ſaid the forſaken Swain, do not call them by thoſe Names, I can't bear to hear 'em. Shall I call them Dog and Cat, anſwer'd the other? *Oh! no, for Heaven's ſake*, replied the firſt, *that ſounds ten Times more like Man and Wife than t'other.*

The Reverend Mr. *W—n*, the famous Aſtronomer, made a Calculation, that the World would be at an End in eighteen Years; and, ſometime after, being about to diſpoſe of a little Eſtate, he aſk'd the Buyer, thirty Years Purchaſe; upon which, in great ſurpriſe, the Gentleman demanded, *With what Face he could aſk ſo much, when he well knew the World would be at an End in little more than half that Time?*

A Poetaſter, whoſe Head was very full of a Play of his own making, explaining the Plot and Deſign of it to a Courtier, ſaid, the Scene lay in *Capadocia*, and a Man muſt tranſport himſelf into that Country, and get acquainted with the People to judge rightly of the Performance. *You ſay right*, anſwer'd the Courtier, *and I think it would be your beſt Way to have it acted there.*

The

The Lord Chief Juſtice *W—t* of the King's Bench in *Ireland*, being eſteem'd a very good Lawyer, and Judges *C—d* and *B—t* but very indifferent ones; well! ſaid an Attorney of that Court, no Bench was ever ſupplied like our's; for we have got a hundred Judges upon it. A hundred! ſays another, how can that be? *Why*, replied the firſt, *here is the Figure of one, and two Cyphers.*

Dr. *South*, viſiting a Gentleman one Morning, was aſk'd to ſtay Dinner, which he accepting of, the Gentleman ſtept into the next Room and told his Wife, and deſir'd ſhe'd provide ſomething extraordinary. Hereupon ſhe began to murmur and ſcold, and made a thouſand Words; till at length, her Huſband, provok'd at her Behaviour, proteſted, That, if it was not for the Stranger in the next Room, he would kick her out of Doors. Upon which the Doctor, who heard all that paſſed, immediately ſtept out, crying, *I beg, Sir, you'll make no Stranger of me.*

A Lawyer and Phyſician, having a Diſpute about Precedence, refer'd it to *Diogenes*, who gave it in favour of the Lawyer in theſe Terms; *Let the Thief go before, and the Executioner follow.*

Two Fellows meeting, one aſk'd the other, Why he look'd ſo ſad? I have good Reaſon for it, anſwer'd the other, poor *Jack* ſuch a one, the greateſt Croney and beſt Friend I had in the World was hang'd but two Days ago. What had he done, ſays the firſt? Alas! reply'd the other, he did no more than you or I ſhould ha' done on the like Occaſion; he found a Bridle on the Road, and took it up; What! ſays the other, hang a Man for taking up a Bridle? That's hard, indeed! *To tell the Truth of the Matter*, ſays the other, *there was a Horſe tied to the other End of it.*

Some Repartees, tho', ſtrictly ſpeaking, ought not to be brought under the Head of Jeſts, yet, for the Readineſs of Thought, are ſomewhat better. Of this Sort, was the Anſwer made by Sir *Robert Sutton* to the late King of *Pruſſia*, on his aſking him at a Review of

his tall Grenadiers, if he cou'd ſay, an equal Number of *Engliſhmen* cou'd beat 'em? *No Sir*, anſwer'd Sir *Robert*, *I won't pretend to ſay that, but I believe half the Number wou'd try.*

A Gentleman, arreſted for a large Sum, ſent to an Acquaintance, who had often profeſs'd great Friendſhip to him, to beg he wou'd be his Bail; the other told him, he had promis'd never to be Bail for any Man, but with much Kindneſs ſaid, *I'll tell you what you may do, you may get ſomebody elſe if you can.*

Mr. *Amner*, going thro' a Street in *Windſor*, two Boys look'd out of a one Pair of Stairs Window, and cry'd, There goes Mr. *Amner*, that makes ſo many Bulls! He hearing them, look'd back, ſaying, *You Raſcals, I know you well enough; if I had you here, I'd kick you down Stairs.*

King *Charles* II. paying a Viſit to Doctor *Buſby*, while he was exerciſing his Function, the Doctor is ſaid to have ſtrutted thro' the School with his Hat upon his Head, while his Majeſty walk'd complaiſantly behind with his Hat under his Arm; but when he was taking leave at the Door, the Doctor, in great Humility, thus addreſs'd himſelf to the King; *Sir, I hope your Majeſty will excuſe my want of Reſpect hitherto; if my Boys were to imagine there was a greater Man in the Kingdom than myſelf, I ſhou'd never be able to rule them.*

The Earl of *C——d*, notwithſtanding his great good Nature, was, at a certain Time oblig'd to lay his Ca e over the Shoulders of Sir *Harry* ****** who took it very patiently; ſome time after, Sir *Harry* himſelf can'd a Fellow, who was a great Coward; upon which, my Lord meeting him next Day, told him he was glad to hear he behav'd ſo gallantly Yeſterday. *Ay, my Lord*, ſaid he, *you and I know who we beat.*

A Lady told another, ſhe had a Mind to quarrel with an impertinent teazing young Fellow, ſhe did not like;

like; who was ſo very aſſiduous and ſubmiſſive, ſhe cou'd not tell how to provoke him. 'Slife, ſaid her Friend, ſpit in his Face. *Alas! Madam*, reply'd the firſt, *that won't do; while Men are fawning like Lap-dogs, they'll take that for a Favour.*

The Duke of——aſk'd a Friend, who he thought had undertaken the moſt difficult Taſk, Mr. *W—ſt—n* in his Attempt to find out the Longitude, or Mr. *Liſle* to find out the *Philoſopher*'s *Stone?* The Friend anſwer'd, he cou'd not tell which was the moſt arduous Work of the two, but was ſure he himſelf had engag'd in a more difficult Affair than either of 'em. What's that, ſaid his Grace? *Why, I have been theſe ſix Years endeavouring to prevail with you to pay your Debts.*

A Country Curate being to examine his young Catechumens one *Friday* in *Lent*, and the Bell tolling for Prayers, he was oblig'd to leave a Game of *All-fours* unfiniſhed; telling his Antagoniſt, he wou'd ſoon diſpatch his Audience, and ſee him out; and for fear any Tricks ſhou'd be play'd with the Cards in his Abſence, he put them in his Caſſock. On aſking one of the Children how many Commandments there were, and the Boy not readily anſwering, one of the Cards dropp'd out of his Sleeve. However, he had the Preſence of Mind to bid the ſame Boy pick it up, and tell him what Card it was, which he readily did; then turning to the Parents, ſaid, *Are ye not aſham'd to pay ſo little Regard to the eternal Welfare of your Children, as not to teach them their Commandments? I ſuſpected your Negligence, and brought this Card with me to detect your Immorality in teaching your Children to know their Cards before their Commandments*

A young Man, who was a very great Talker, making a Bargain with *Iſocrates*, to be taught by him; *Iſocrates* aſk'd double the Sum his other Pupils paid, *and the Reaſon is*, ſaid he, *I muſt be oblig'd to teach thee two Sciences; one to ſpeak, and the other to hold thy Tongue.*

Two Gentlemen, one nam'd *Chambers*, the other *Garret*, riding by *Tyburn* together; ſays the firſt, *This is a very pretty Tenement, if it had but a Garret. You Fool!* ſays Garret, *don't you know there muſt be Chambers firſt?*

A buſy Impertinent, entertaining *Ariſtotle* the Philoſopher with a tedious Diſcourſe, and obſerving that he did not much regard him, made an Apology, that he was afraid he had interrupted him. *No really*, reply'd the Philoſopher, *you have not interrupted me at all, for I have not minded a Word you ſaid.*

Tom Clark of St. *John*'s deſir'd a Fellow of the ſame College to lend him Biſhop *Burnet*'s *Hiſtory of the Reformation*; the other told him, he cou'd not poſſibly ſpare it out of his Chamber, but if he pleas'd, he might come there and read it all Day long. Some Time after, the ſame Gentleman ſends to *Tom*, to borrow his Bellows; *Tom* ſent him Word, *he cou'd not poſſibly ſpare them out of his Chamber, but he might come there and blow all day long if he wou'd.*

Two Gentlemen, the one nam'd *Woodcock*, the other *Fuller*, walking together, happen'd to ſee an Owl; ſays the laſt, *That Bird is very like a* Woodcock. *You are wrong*, ſays the firſt, *for it is* Fuller *in the Head*, Fuller *in the Eyes, and* Fuller *all over.*

Lord *Falkland*, Author of the Play call'd, *The Marriage-night*, was choſe into Parliament very young; and when firſt elected, ſome of the Members oppos'd his Admiſſion, ſaying, *He had not ſow'd his wild Oats. Then*, reply'd he, *it will be the beſt Way to ſow them in the Houſe, where there are ſo many Geeſe to pick them up.*

A Dutcheſs, in a late Reign, hearing that a Man in a high Poſt, where he had the Opportunity of fingering a great deal of Money, had married his kept Miſtreſs: *Good Lord!* ſaid ſhe, *that Fellow is always robbing the Publick.*

A con-

A conceited Fellow, who had wrote a Number of Verſes in praiſe of his Miſtreſs, beginning with her Hand, and ſo proceeding to every Member down to the Feet; miſſing no Part but the Neck. *Oh!* ſaid one, *there is good Reaſon for that; he reſerves the Neck-verſe for himſelf, knowing that he ſhall have Occaſion for it hereafter.*

The Lord ****** when Mrs *Rogers* the Actreſs was young and handſome, us'd to dangle after her; and one Night being behind the Scenes, ſtanding with his Arms folded in the Poſture of a deſponding Lover, aſk'd her with a Sigh, *what was a Cure for Love? Your Lordſhip*, ſaid ſhe, *is the beſt in the World.*

A late *Pope*, being deſcended from a very mean Family, on his Advancement to the Holy See, beſtow'd great Preferments on his beggarly Relations. Hereupon *Paſquin* the next Feſtival, very early in the Morning, was obſerv'd to have an exceeding dirty Shirt on, with a Scroll of Paper in his Hand; wherein was written, *How now*, Paſquin, *what! ſo dirty on a Holy-day?* and under that his Anſwer, *Alas! I have no clean Linen, my Waſherwoman is made a Princeſs.*

The Deputies of *Rochelle* attending to ſpeak with *Henry* IV. of *France*, met with a Phyſician, who had renounc'd the *Proteſtant* Religion, and embrac'd the *Popiſh* Communion, whom they began to revile; the King, hearing of it, told the Deputies he wou'd adviſe them to change their Religion too. *For it is a dangerous Symptom*, ſaid he, *that your Religion is not long liv'd, when the Phyſician has given it over.* —

It was ſaid of one, who remember'd every Thing he *lent*, and nothing he *borrow'd*, *That he had loſt half his Memory.*

A knaviſh Attorney aſking a very honeſt Gentleman, what was Honeſty? He anſwer'd, *What is that to you? meddle with thoſe Things which concern you.*

Not

Not many Years ago, a Temporal Peer, in a very pathetic and elegant Speech, expos'd the Vices and Irregularities of the *Clergy*, and vindicated the *Gentlemen of the Army*, from ſome Imputations unjuſtly thrown upon them: A certain Prelate, irritated at the Nature, as well as at the Length of his Speech, deſir'd to know when that Noble Lord wou'd leave off preaching? The other anſwered, *The very Day his Majeſty makes me a Biſhop.*

A Lieutenant Colonel, in an *Iriſh* Regiment in the *French* Service, being diſpatch'd by the Duke of *Berwick* from *Fort Keil*, to the King of *France*, with a Complaint of ſome Irregularities, which had happened in the Regiment; his Majeſty, with ſome Emotion, told him, the *Iriſh* Troops gave him more Uneaſineſs, than all his Forces beſides. *Sir*, reply'd the Officer, *all your Majeſty's Enemies make the ſame Complaint.*

King *William* III. being upon a ſecret Expedition, was intreated by a General, to tell him his Deſign? Inſtead of anſwering him, the King aſk'd, whether he cou'd keep a Secret, and wou'd let it go no farther? He promiſed it ſhou'd not. *Well then*, ſaid his Majeſty, *I know how to keep a Secret as well as you.*

A decay'd Gentleman came to one, who had been his Servant, to borrow Money, and receiv'd the following Anſwer; *Lord, Sir, what do you trouble me for? I have no Money to lend. I'm ſure you lie*, ſays the Gentleman, *for if you was not rich, you durſt not be ſo ſaucy.*

A Gentleman diſputing about Religion in *Button*'s *Coffee-Houſe*, ſome of the Company ſaid, You talk of Religion! I'll hold you five Guineas, you can't repeat the Lord's Prayer; Sir *Richard Steele* here ſhall hold Stakes. The Money being depoſited, the Gentleman began, *I believe in G—d, and ſo went through his Creed. Well!* ſaid the other, *I own I've loſt; but did not think you cou'd have done it.*

When

When Mrs. *W*—— firſt acted Sir *Harry Wildair* at *Drury-lane* Playhouſe, coming off the Stage into the Green Room, *I believe*, ſaid ſhe, *one half of the Houſe take me really for a Man.* To which Mrs. *Clive* reply'd, *But the other half, Madam, know to the contrary.*

One meeting an old Acquaintance, whom the World had a little frown'd upon, aſk'd where he liv'd? *I don't know*, ſaid he, *where I live*; *but I ſtarve down towards* Wapping, *and that Way.*

A Merchant-Ship being ſeverely toſs'd in a Storm, and all the Crew deſpairing of Safety, betook themſelves to Prayers, except one Mariner, who was all the while wiſhing to ſee two Stars; Oh! ſaid he, that I cou'd but ſee two Stars, or but one of them. He made ſo frequent Repetition of theſe Words, as to diſturb the Meditation of the Reſt; at length, one of the Crew aſk'd him, what two Stars, or what one Star he meant? To whom he reply'd, *Oh! that I cou'd ſee the Star in* Cheapſide, *or that in* Coleman-ſtreet, *I care not which.*

A poor Fellow, going to Execution, had a Reprieve come juſt as he got to the Gallows, and was taken back by the Sheriff's Officer; who told him he was a happy Fellow, and aſk'd if he knew nothing of the Reprieve before? *No*, reply'd the Fellow, *I thought no more of it, than I did of my dying Day.*

A Philoſopher being aſk'd, why learned Men frequented rich Men's Houſes, and rich Men ſeldom viſited the Learned? anſwer'd, *That the firſt knew what they wanted, but the latter did not.*

An old Fellow, having a great Itch after his Neighbour's Wife, employ'd her Chamber-maid in the Affair. At their next Meeting, he enquir'd what Anſwer her Lady had ſent him? Anſwer! ſays the Girl, why, ſhe has ſent you *this* for a Token, giving him a ſmart Slap on the Face. *Ay*, cry'd the old Fellow, rubbing

rubbing his Chops; *and you have loſt none of it by the Way.*

A young Lady being ſick, a Phyſician was ſent for, to feel her Pulſe; ſhe very coy, and loath to let him touch her naked Skin, pull'd her Smock-ſleeve over her Hand; which the Doctor obſerving, took the Corner of his Coat, and laid it over her Smock-Sleeve; at which, a Lady there preſent being ſurpriz'd, *Oh! Madam*, ſaid he, *a Linen Pulſe muſt always have a* Woollen *Phyſician.*

A proud Parſon and his Man, riding over a Common, ſaw a Shepherd tending his Flock, in a new Coat; the Parſon aſk'd him in a haughty Tone, who gave him that Coat? The ſame People, ſaid the Shepherd, that cloath you, the Pariſh. The Parſon, nettled a little, rode on murmuring a pretty Way, and ſent his Man back to aſk the Shepherd, if he wou'd come and live with him? for he wanted a Fool. The Man went to the Shepherd accordingly, and deliver'd his Maſter's Meſſage, concluding thereby, that his Maſter really wanted a Fool. *Why, are you going away then?* ſaid the Shepherd. No, anſwer'd the other. *Then you may tell your Maſter*, reply'd the Shepherd, *his Living won't maintain three of us.*

When the Houſe of Commons order'd the Gate which join'd to *Whitehall*, to be pull'd down, to make the Coach-way more commodious, a Member mov'd, that the other, which was contiguous, might be taken down at the ſame Time; which Motion was oppos'd by a Gentleman, who told the Houſe, he had a very great Veneration for that ancient Fabric, that he look'd upon it as a noble Monument of Antiquity; *that he had the Honour of having liv'd near it many Years*, and therefore begg'd the Houſe wou'd continue that Honour to him, of which, it wou'd really make him unhappy to be now depriv'd. Counſellor *Hungerford* ſeconded this Motion, and ſaid, *it wou'd be a thouſand Pities, that the Honourable Gentleman ſhou'd not be indulg'd to live ſtill by his Gate, for he was ſure he cou'd never live by his Style.*

Doctor

Dr *Hickringal*, one of King *Charles* the Second's Chaplains, whenever he preach'd before his Majeſty, was ſure to tell him of his Faults, and ſcold ſeverely from the Pulpit; his Majeſty, one Day walking in the *Mall*, obſerv'd the Doctor before, and ſent to ſpeak to him. *Doctor*, ſaid the King, what have I done to you, that you are always quarrelling with me? I hope your Majeſty is not angry with me, replies the *Doctor*, for telling the Truth. No, no, ſays the King; but I wou'd have us be Friends for the future. Well, well, ſays the *Doctor*, I'll make it up with your Majeſty on theſe Terms: *As you mend, I'll mend.*

A Country Bumpkin, coming to *London*, was very much taken with the Sight of a Chair, or Sedan; and bargain'd with the Chairmen to carry him to the Place he nam'd. The Chairmen, obſerving the Curioſity of the Clown to be unſuitable to the Meanneſs of his Dreſs, privately took out the Bottom of the Chair, and then put him into it; ſo that, when they took it up, his Feet were upon the Ground; and as the Chairmen advanc'd, ſo did he: To add to their Diverſion, if they ſaw any Place dirtier than ordinary, they choſe to go through it. The Countryman, believing that others us'd to be carried, or driven in the ſame Manner, when he came to his Lodgings, paid them their Fare. Returning into the Country, he told them what rare Things he had ſeen in *London*, and amongſt the reſt, that he had been carried in a Sedan. A Sedan! ſays one, what is that? *Why*, reply'd he, *like our Watch-houſe, only it is cover'd with Leather; but were it not for the Name of a Sedan, one might e'en as well walk o' Foot.*

Two Gentlemen ſtanding together; as a young Lady paſs'd them, one of 'em ſaid, *There goes the handſomeſt Woman I ever ſaw.* She hearing, turn'd back, and obſerving him to be very ugly, anſwer'd, *I wiſh, Sir, I cou'd in Return, ſay as much of you. So you may, Madam,* ſays he, *and lie as I did.*

A certain Couple, going to *Dunmow* in *Eſſex*, to demand the Flitch of Bacon, which is to be given to

every married Couple, who can ſwear they have had no Diſpute, nor once repented their Bargains, in a Year and a Day; the Steward, ready to deliver it, aſk'd where they wou'd put it? The Huſband produc'd a Bag, and told him, in that. That, ſays the Steward, is not half big enough: *So I told my Wife*, anſwer'd the good Man, *and I believe we have had a hundred Words about it. Ay*, ſaid the Steward! *but they were not ſuch as will butter any Cabbage to be eat with this Bacon; and ſo hangs the Flitch up again.*

A *Scotch* Bagpiper travelling into *Ireland*, open'd his Wallet by a Wood-ſide, and ſat down to Dinner; he had no ſooner ſaid Grace, than three Wolves came about him. To one he threw Bread, to another Meat, till his Proviſion was all gone; at length, he took up his Bagpipes, and began to play; at which the Wolves ran away. *The Deel ſaw me*, ſaid Sawney, *an I had kenn'd you low'd Muſick ſo, ye ſhou'd have had it before Dinner.*

A Fellow hearing the Drums beat up for Volunteers for *France*, in the Expedition againſt the *Dutch*, imagin'd himſelf valiant enough, and thereupon liſted. When he return'd, his Friends aſk'd what Exploits he did there? He anſwer'd, *that he cut off one of the Enemy's Legs*; and being told, it had been more honourable and manly to have cut off his Head, *Oh!* ſays he, *you muſt know his Head was cut off before.*

An *Italian* having wrote a Book upon the making of Gold, dedicated it to Pope *Leo* X. in hopes of a conſiderable Reward; his Holineſs, finding the Man continually following him, gave to him a large empty Purſe, ſaying, *Sir, ſince you know the Art of making Gold, you can have no Need of any Thing but a Purſe to put it in.*

Mr *Prior*, when Ambaſſador, being at one of the *French* Opera's at *Paris*, and ſeated in a Box with a Nobleman he was very free with, who, as is uſual in *France*, ſung louder than the Performers, utter'd ſome ſharp Invectives againſt him; upon which, his Lord-

ſhip

ſhip deſiſted, to enquire the Reaſon of his Diſpleaſure; adding, that the Perſon he exclaim'd againſt ſo fiercely, was one of the fineſt Voices they had. *Yes*, replies his Excellency, *but he makes ſuch a horrid Noiſe, that I can't have the Pleaſure to hear your Lordſhip.*

A Fellow, ſtanding in the Pillory near *Temple-bar*, occaſion'd a great Stop, ſo that a Carman with a Load of Cheeſe, had much ado to get along; and driving juſt up to the Pillory, aſk'd what was wrote over the Criminal's Head? They told, it was a Paper to ſignify his Crime, and that he ſtood there for *Forgery*. Ah! continued he, and what is *Forgery?* They anſwer'd, that *Forgery* was counterfeiting another's Hand, with intent to cheat People. To which, the Carman reply'd, looking up at the Offender; *Oh! Pox on ye, this comes of your Writing and Reading, you ſilly Dog!*

The Rev. Mr *H*—— waiting one Day at Sir *Robert*'s Levee, was aſk'd by the Knight, what brought him there? The Orator reply'd, I hear you want a good Pen. *No*, ſays Sir *Robert*, *I don't.* Then, ſaid the Orator, I have a bad one, which perhaps, you mayn't like. *If very bad*, ſays the other, *I muſt get one of the Secretaries of State to mend it.*

A Biſhop, going in great haſte to *Rome* to be Cardinaliz'd, miſs'd the Promotion; and, in his Return, got a violent Cold on the Way. *It is no Wonder*, ſaid one that was told of it, *ſince he came ſo far without his Hat.*

A young Man married a very ill-temper'd Woman, to whom, notwithſtanding her Perverſeneſs, he behav'd well, and was very kind; ſhe, however not contented, made continual Complaints to her Father, to the great Grief of both Families. The Huſband, no longer able to endure this ſcurvy Humour, bang'd her heartily; hereupon ſhe renews her Complaints to the old Man, who being now better acquainted with her ill Humours, took her to Taſk, and laced her Sides ſoundly too; ſaying, *Go, commend me to your Huſband, and*

tell him, I am now even with him; for I have cudgell'd his Wife, as he has beaten my Daughter.

A petulant ſelf-will'd Coxcomb was threatning, if his Humour was not gratified, to leave his Relations and Family, and go into *France*. *Let him alone*, ſays one, *he'll come back from* France, *before he gets half Way to* Dover.

An *Iriſh* Fellow, vaunting of his Birth and Family, affirm'd, that when he came firſt to *England*, he cut ſuch a Figure, as the Bells were rung through every Town he paſs'd to *London*. *Ah!* ſays a Gentleman in Company, *I ſuppoſe that was, becauſe you came up in a Waggon with a Bell-team.*

Fond Wives, ſaid one, do by their Huſbands, as Barren Wives do by their Lap-dogs; *cram them with Sweet-meats, till they cloy their Stomachs.*

A *Scotch* Parſon, in the Time of the Rump, ſaid in his babbling Prayer, Laird bleſs the grand Council, the Parliament, and grant they may all hang together. A Country Fellow, ſtanding by, ſaid, Yes, yes, with all my Heart, and the ſooner the better; and I am ſure it is the Prayer of all good People. *But, Friends*, ſays *Sawney*, I don't mean as that Fellow means, but pray they may all hang together in Accord and Concord. *No matter what Cord*, reply'd the other, *if it be but a ſtrong Cord.*

Three young Wits, as they conceited themſelves, paſſing along the Road near *Oxford*, met a grave old Gentleman, with whom they had a Mind to be rudely merry; Good morrow, Father *Abraham*, ſaid one, Good morrow, Father *Iſaac*, ſays the ſecond, Good morrow, Father *Jacob*, ſays the laſt. I am neither *Abraham*, *Iſaac*, nor *Jacob*, reply'd the old Gentleman, *but* Saul, *the Son of* Kiſh, *who went out to ſeek his Father's Aſſes; and lo! here I have found them.*

Two Country Attornies, overtaking a Waggoner on the Road, and thinking to crak a Joke on him, aſk'd why

why his Fore-horſe was ſo Fat, and the reſt ſo Lean? The Waggoner, knowing them to be Limbs of the Law, anſwer'd, *That his Fore-horſe was a Lawyer, and the reſt were his Clients.*

Some young Fellows ſaid, mettl'd Girls were generally in the Wrong; ſo very impudent, that they became *nauſeous*, or ſo very Modeſt that they were *uſeleſs.*

Mr *C—r*, the Comedian, came one Day to his Father, and begg'd he wou'd advance him a hundred Pounds, which wou'd make all his Affairs eaſy. It is very ſtrange, ſays the Father, you can't live upon your Salary, Benefit, and other Advantages; when I was of your Age, I never ſpent any of my Father's Money. *I don't know that*, anſwer'd the Son, *but I'm ſure you have ſpent many hundred Pounds of my Father's Money.*

A Bridegroom, the firſt Night he was in Bed with his Bride, ſaid to her, Hadſt thou condeſcended, when I ſollicited thy Chaſtity, I ſhou'd never have made thee my Wife; for I did it purely to try thee. *Faith!* ſays ſhe, *I did imagine as much; but I had been cozen'd ſo three or four Times before, and I was reſolv'd to be fool'd ſo no more in that manner.*

A certain great Man, who had been a furious Party-man, and moſt ſurprizingly changing Sides for the ſake of a Coronet, was ſoon after at Cards with Lady **** and complain'd in the midſt of a Game, that he had a great Pain in his *Side*. I thought your Lordſhip had *no Side*, ſaid ſhe. Yes, anſwer'd my Lord, I have, and a *Back ſide* too. *Have you ſo*, reply'd my Lady, *every Body knows your Wife has one.*

A Countryman enquiring the Way to *Newgate*, an Arch Fellow, who heard him, ſaid, he'd ſhew him the Way preſently. *Do but go croſs the Kennel*, ſaid he, *to yon Goldſmith's Shop, and move off with one of thoſe ſilver Tankards, and it will bring you thither preſently.*

Two *Oxford* Scholars meeting on the Road with a *Yorkſhire* Oſtler, fell to bantering him, and one of 'em told the Fellow, he wou'd prove Tiime to be a Horſe or an Aſs. Well, ſaid the other, and I can prove your Saddle to be a Mule. A Mule! cry'd one of them, how the Deel can that be? *Becauſe*, ſays the other, *it is ſomething between a Horſe and an Aſs.*

One loſing a Bag of Money obout 50 *l.* between *Temple-gate* and *Temple-bar*, fix'd up a Paper, offering 10 *l.* Reward to thoſe who took it up, and wou'd return it. Hereupon the Perſon who found it, wrote underneath, *Sir I thank you, but you really bid me to my Loſs.*

A Company of Gameſters, falling out at a Tavern, gave one another very ill Language; at Length, the Bottles and Glaſſes, thoſe dreadful Meſſengers of Anger, flew about like Hail; one of which, miſtaking its Errand, and hitting againſt the Wainſcot, inſtead of the Perſon's Head it was thrown at, brought in the Drawer; who cry'd, *Do ye call, Gentlemen? Call Gentlemen*, ſays one of the Standers by. *No, they don't call Gentlemen, but they call one another Rogue and Raſcal.*

A wild young Gentleman married a diſcreet and virtuous young Lady, who, to reclaim him, order'd it to be given out, at his Return from his Travels, that ſhe was dead and buried; in the mean Time, plac'd herſelf in Diſguiſe ſo, as to be able to obſerve how he took the News; and finding him ſtill the ſame gay inconſtant Man, ſhe appear'd to him as her own Ghoſt, at which he being not in the leaſt diſmayed, ſhe at length diſcover'd the Fraud; at which he ſeem'd exceedingly ſurpriz'd. A Perſon by ſaid, *Why Sir, do you ſeem more afraid now than before? Don't wonder at that*, ſaid he, *moſt Men are more afraid of a live Wife, than a dead one.*

Some unlucky *Weſtminſter* Scholars, under Dr. *Buſby*, beſmear'd the Stairs leading to the School with ſome-

ſomething that ſhall be nameleſs: The Doctor, as was deſign'd, foul'd his Fingers very much with it; which ſo enrag'd him, that he cry'd out, he wou'd give any Boy half a Crown, to diſcover who had a Hand in it. An arch Boy immediately told him, for that Reward he wou'd let him know who had a Hand in it. Well, ſaid the Doctor, I'll certainly give you the half Crown, if you tell me Truth. *Why, then Sir,* anſwer'd the Boy, *you had a Hand in it, look at your Fingers elſe.*

An honeſt *French* Dragoon, in the Service of *Lewis* XIV. having caught a Fellow in Bed with his Wife, after ſome Words, told him, he wou'd let him eſcape this Time; but, if ever he found him there again, he wou'd throw his Hat out at the Window. Notwithſtanding this terrible Threat, in a few Days, he caught the Spark in the ſame Place, and was as good as his Word: Senſible of what he had done, he poſted away to the Place, where he knew the King was to be; and throwing himſelf at his Majeſty's Feet, implor'd his Pardon. The King aſk'd what his Offence was? He told him, he had been abus'd. Well, well, ſaid the King, laughing, I very readily forgive you, conſidering your Provocation; I think you was much in the Right to throw *his Hat out at the Window.* Yes, and it pleaſe you, my Liege, *but his Head was in it,* ſaid the Dragoon. Was it, reply'd the King? Well, my Word is paſs'd.

A *Gaſcoon* Officer, who had ſerv'd under *Henry* IV. King of *France,* not having receiv'd any Pay for a conſiderable Time; came to the King, and confidently ſaid to him, Sir, three Words with your Majeſty, *Money, or Diſcharge.* Four with you, anſwer'd his Majeſty,, *Neither one nor t'other.*

An *Iriſhman,* having been oblig'd to live with his Maſter ſome Time in *Scotland,* when he came back, ſome of his Companions aſk'd how he lik'd *Scotland? I will tell you now,* ſaid he, *By Chreſt, I was Sick all de while I was dare; and if I had liv'd dare till this Time, I had been dead a Year ago.*

A cer-

A certain Muſician, who had a very bad Voice, as he was ſinging one Day, took Notice of a Gentlewoman, that fell a crying; when imagining that the Sweetneſs of his Melody awaked ſome Paſſion in her Breaſt, he began to ſing louder, and ſhe to weep more bitterly. He had no ſooner ended his Song, but going to the Lady, he aſked her why ſhe cried? Oh! ſaid ſhe, I am the unfortunate Woman, whoſe Aſs the Wolves devoured yeſterday, and no ſooner did I hear you ſing, but I thought of my poor Aſs, *for ſurely, never were two Voices ſo much alike.*

Of all Coxcombs, the moſt intolerable in Converſation is the *fighting Fool, and the opinionated Wit:* One is always talking to ſhew his Parts, the other always quarrelling to ſhew his Valour.

A Perſon of Quality, coming into a Church, where many of his Anceſtors lay buried; after he had ſpoke much in their Commendation, and praiſed them for worthy Men, *Well!* ſaid he, *I'm reſolved, if I live till I die, to be buried as near them as poſſible.*

A *Flemiſh* Tyler in *Flanders*, accidentally fell from the Top of a Houſe upon a *Spaniard*, and kill'd him; tho' he eſcap'd himſelf. The next of Blood proſecuted his Death with great Violence againſt the Tyler, and when offer'd pecuniary Recompenſe, nothing wou'd ſerve him, but *Lex Talionis.* Hereupon the Judge ſaid to him, if he did inſiſt upon that Sentence, *he ſhou'd go up to the Top of the ſame Houſe, and fall down from thence upon the Tyler.*

A Biſhop of *Servia* in *Italy*, came in violent Haſte to the *Pope*, and told him that it was currently reported, his Holineſs had done him the Honour of making him Governor of *Rome. How!* ſaid the Pope; *don't you know Fame ſpreads many falſe Reports? and I dare ſay, you'll find this one of 'em.*

Two

Two very honeſt Gentlemen, who dealt in Brooms, meeting one Day in the Street; one aſk'd the other, how the D—l he cou'd afford to underſel him every where, as he did, when he ſtole the Stuff, and made the Brooms himſelf? *Why, you ſilly Dog*, anſwer'd the other, *I ſteal them ready made.*

An Archbiſhop, blaming ſome particular Actions of Queen *Elizabeth*, brought Arguments from Scripture, to prove ſhe was more Politician than Chriſtian. *I ſee, my Lord*, ſays ſhe, *you have read the Scriptures, but not the Book of* Kings.

One, being at his Wife's Funeral, and the Bearers going haſtily along, call'd out to them, *Don't go ſo faſt, what need we make a Toil of a Pleaſure?*

An ingenious young Gentleman of *Oxford* was appointed to preach at St. *Mary*'s, before the Vice-chancellor and the Heads of the Univerſity. Having often obſerv'd the Drowſineſs of the Vice-chancellor, he took for his Text, What! *cannot ye watch one Hour?* And at the End of every Diviſion, he repeated thoſe Words, which, by Reaſon the Vice-chancellor ſat near the Pulpit, often awak'd him. This was highly applauded by the Wits, and at Length became the Talk of all the Univerſity, and nettled the Vice-chancellor to ſuch a Degree, that he complain'd of it to the Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*; who, willing to redreſs him, ſent for the Preacher up to *London*, to make his Defence againſt the Crime laid to his Charge. On his Examination, he gave ſo many Inſtances of his extraordinary Wit, that the Archbiſhop enjoin'd him to preach before King *James*; to which, after ſome Excuſes, he agreed. Coming up into the Pulpit, he begins; *James the firſt, and ſixth, Waver not*; meaning the Firſt King of *England*, and Sixth of *Scotland*. The King at firſt ſeem'd amaz'd at the Text, but in the End, was well pleas'd with the Sermon; and made him one of his Chaplains in Ordinary. After his Advancement, the Archbiſhop ſent him back to *Oxford*, to make his Recantation to the Vice-chancellor, and take leave of the Univerſity, which he did accordingly, and took

the

the latter Part of the Verſe of his former Text; namely, *Sleep on now, and take your Reſt.* In the Concluſion of his Sermon, he made his Apology to the Vice-chancellor, ſaying, *Whereas I ſaid before,* which gave Offence, *What! can't you watch one Hour?* I now ſay, *Sleep on and take your Reſt*; and ſo left the Univerſity.

In King *James* the firſt's Time, my Lord *Craven* was very deſirous to ſee *Ben Johnſon,* which *Ben* being told of, went to his Houſe in a tatter'd Condition, as Poets ſometimes are; the Porter gave him ſaucy Language, and refus'd him Admittance, which *Ben* did not fail to return. My Lord chanc'd to come out while they were wrangling, and aſk'd the Occaſion? *Ben,* who ſtood in Need of Nobody to ſpeak for him, ſaid, he underſtood his Lordſhip deſir'd to ſee him. You, Friend! reply'd my Lord, who are you? *Ben Johnſon,* reply'd the other. No, no, ſays his Lordſhip, you can't be *Ben Johnſon,* who wrote the *Silent Woman*; you look as if you cou'd not ſay, *Bo* to a Gooſe. *Bo,* cries *Ben.* Very well, ſaid my Lord, who was better pleas'd with the Joke, than offended at the Affront; I am now convinc'd by your Wit, that you are *Ben Johnſon.*

The famous *Jack Ogle* of facetious Memory, having borrow'd five Pounds on his Note, and failing in Payment, his Creditor indiſcreetly took Occaſion to tell of it in a Publick *Coffee-houſe*; hereupon *Jack* ſent him a Challenge. Being got into the Field, the Gentleman who lent the Money, being a little Tender in Point of Courage, offer'd him the Note to make up the Quarrel; to which our Hero conſented, and the Note was deliver'd. But now, ſaid the Gentleman, if we ſhou'd return without fighting, our Companions will laugh at us; therefore let us give each other a ſlight Scratch, and ſay, we are both wounded. With all my Heart, ſays *Jack,* come, I'll wound you firſt; ſo drawing his Sword, he whip'd it thro' the fleſhy Part of his Antagoniſt's Arm, and brought Tears into his Eyes. This done, and the Wound tied up with a Handkerchief, Come, ſays the Gentleman, now where

ſhall

ſhall I wound you? *Jack*, putting himſelf in a Poſture of Defence, ſaid, *Where you can, Sir. Well, well*, reply'd the Gentleman, *I can ſwear I receiv'd this Wound of you*, and walk'd off contented.

Sir *Francis Bacon* was won't to ſay of a paſſionate Man, who ſuppreſs'd his Anger, *That he thought worſe than he ſpoke*; and of an angry Man that wou'd vent his Paſſion in Words, *That he ſpoke worſe than he thought.*

Married Women, ſays one, uſually ſhew all their Modeſty the *firſt Day*, as married Men ſhew all their Love the *firſt Night.*

A certain Captain, who had made a greater Figure than his Income wou'd bear, and his Regiment not being paid as they expected, was forc'd to lay down Part of his Equipage. A few Days after, walking by the Road-ſide, he ſaw one of his Soldiers louſing himſelf under a Hedge: *What are you doing there*, ſaid the Captain? *Why Faith, Sir*, anſwer'd the Soldier, *I am following your Example; getting rid of Part of my Retinue.*

A Plain Country Fellow, born in *Eſſex*, coming to *London*, where he had never been before; going along a Street, not far from *Mark-lane*, ſaw a Rope hanging at a Merchant's Door, with a Handle to it; and wondering what it meant, took it in his Hand, and play'd with it to and fro. At length pulling hard, the Bell rung, and the Merchant, happening to be near the Door, open'd it himſelf, demanding what the Fellow wanted? Nothing Sir, ſays he, I did but play with this pretty Thing, which hangs at your Door. What Countryman are you? ſays the Merchant. An *Eſſex* Man, an't pleaſe you, replies the other. I thought ſo, ſays the Merchant, having been often told, if a Man beat a Buſh in *Eſſex*, there preſently comes out a Calf. *It may be ſo*, ſays the Countryman; *and I think a Man can no ſooner ring a Bell in* London, *but out pops a Cuckold.*

A Per-

A Perſon of a College put his Horſe into a Field, belonging to *Merton* in *Oxford*, and being often warn'd of it, took no Notice thereof; the Maſter of that College ſent his Man to him, bidding him ſay, if he continued the Treſpaſs, he wou'd cut off his Horſe's Tail. Say you ſo, replies the Perſon? Go, tell your Maſter, if he cuts off my Horſe's Tail, I'll cut off his Ears. The Servant return'd, deliver'd the Meſſage, and was ſent back to bring the Perſon to his Maſter; who making his Appearance, the Maſter ſaid, How now, Sir, what mean you by that Menace you ſent me? *Sir*, ſaid the other, *I threatned you not; for I only ſaid, if you cut off my Horſe's* Tail, *I wou'd cut off his* Ears.

A Gentleman, in King *Charles* the Second's Time, who had paid a tedious Attendance at Court, in ſoliciting a Place, and after a thouſand Promiſes, ſeem'd as far off as ever; at laſt, reſolv'd to ſee the King himſelf. When introduc'd, he told his Majeſty what Pretenſions he had to his Favour, and boldly aſk'd for the Place, juſt then vacant? The King, hearing his Story, told him, the Place was juſt given away. Upon this, the Gentleman, making very low Obeiſance to the King, thank'd him many Times over. The King, obſerving how thankful he was, call'd him again, and aſk'd the Reaſon, why he thank'd him in ſo extraordinary a Manner, when he had denied his Suit? *The rather, and pleaſe your Majeſty*, reply'd the Gentleman; *your Courtiers have kept me here theſe two Years, and gave me a thouſand Put-offs, but your Majeſty has ſaved me all that Trouble, and generouſly given me my Anſwer at once. Gads Fiſh, Man*, ſays the King, *thou ſhalt have the Place for thy downright Honeſty.*

One telling another, he had once ſo excellent a Gun, that it went off immediately at Thieves coming into the Houſe, altho' it was not charged. How the Devil can that be, ſays the other? *Becauſe*, ſaid the other, *the Thief carry'd it off; and what was worſe, before I had Time to charge him with it.*

A Sur-

A Surgeon dreſſing a poor Man, whoſe Eye had been ſtruck with a Stone, which had beat it out; the Patient aſk'd him, whether he ſhould loſe his Eye? *No, no, ſays the Surgeon; I have got it in my Hand.*

A *Scots* Member of great Wit and Humour, coming one Morning to the Duke of *Argyle*, at the Time of the great Oppoſition between him and Sir *Robert*; told his Grace, that he had ſome very bad News to acquaint him with. What's the Matter? quoth the Duke. *Be me Troth*, quo' he, *what I have to tell ye, is very bawd on oor Seed.* Prithee, quoth the Duke, don't keep me in Suſpence; what is it? *Does your Grace ken that* Wallie *is bout over?* That's impoſſible, ſays the Duke, for a ſtauncher Man does not live, than honeſt *Wallie*; but why d'ye think ſo? *Why, an't pleaſe your Grace, I ſaw t'other Morn a three Pund twalve in his Hond; and I'm ſure* Wallie *ne'er brout that owt on his own Coontry.*

A Gentleman, not ſo remarkable for his Oeconomy, as his Wit and Humour, was one Day rallying the late *Peter Walters* on his Avarice. For my Part, quoth the Gentleman, I don't know any Difference between a Shilling and a Sixpence; for when one is changed, 'tis gone, and ſo is the other. *Ah*, ſays Peter, *my old Friend, you mayn't know the Difference between a Shilling and Sixpence now; but believe me, you will, when you are worth Eighteen Pence.*

Peter, one Day being a little ſevere on a Gentleman, who didn't want Wit, was aſk'd by him, how the D—l he came to be ſo witty, and where he got it all? *Why* ſays Peter, *I am ſure Nature never gave me any; but you muſt know, I have lately bought a good many Eſtates of Men of Wit, and they always gave me their Wit into the Bargain.*

Two neighbouring Gentlemen of equal Fortune, and remarkable for their Avarice, were diſtinguiſh'd in their Pariſh by the Names of *Crib* and *Starve-Gut*. Mr. *Crib* often viſited his Neighbour, and was as often viſited by him, but as they had both the ſame End in

View, they never aſk'd each other to eat or drink; and thus they went on together very amicably, 'till *Crib* one Day was preſent at his Friend's, when a Man came to pay the Intereſt of a Thouſand Pounds, which rais'd Maſter *Crib*'s Envy ſo much, that he left the Room, and went home; but return'd in the Evening to Mr. *Starve-Gut*, in order to learn ſome of his ſaving Maxims. When *Crib* came in, he found him writing a Letter by a Farthing Candle; he was no ſooner ſet down, but Mr. *Starve-Gut* put it out. How now, ſays *Crib*, what's that for? To which *Starve-Gut* reply'd, Can't we two talk as well in the Dark? Faith, Neighbour, ſays *Crib*, you are an excellent Oeconomiſt; I wiſh you'd teach me ſome of your Rules. Why, Friend, ſays *Starve-Gut*, one of my chief Maxims is, never to ſpend more than is neceſſary, witneſs the Candle! Right, quoth *Crib*. I remember, ſays *Starve-Gut*, the Saying of an old Philoſopher, which ought to be writ in Letters of Gold; namely, *That whatever is unneceſſary, is too dear at a Farthing*. Right, quoth *Crib*: thank you, Neighbour; Edad, I'll ſet this down. Now we are talking of Saving, ſays *Starve-Gut*, let me aſk you one Queſtion, for you muſt know there is a great Difference between being covetous, and being ſaving; for my Part, there's nothing I hate more than a ſtingy Man, but, to my Queſtion; Pray, Friend *Crib*, do you ſhave yourſelf? Quoth *Crib*, what, do you take me for a Fool? Well, well, ſays *Starve-Gut*, don't be in a Paſſion, I did but aſk; but what do you do with your Lather? Why fling it away, ſays *Crib*, what do you think? Why there it is now, ſays *Starve-Gut*, that's enough to ruin any Man; why, I always waſh half a Dozen Handkerchiefs, and a Night-cap in mine, and then ſave it to waſh my Stockings.

A young Student, ſhewing the *Muſæum* at *Oxon* to a Set of Gentlemen and Ladies, among other Things produc'd a ruſty Sword: This, ſays he, Gentlemen, is the Sword, with which *Balaam* was going to kill his Aſs. Upon which, one of the Company replied, that he thought *Balaam* had no Sword, but only wiſh'd for

one. You are right, ſays the Student, and this is the very Sword he wiſh'd for.

A Man, remarkable for ſhooting the long Bow, gave the following Account of an Eccho; he ſaid, as he was ſailing in a Man of War, very near the Shore in *Devonſhire*, he heard ſo fine a Conſort of Muſick, that he thought *Handel* and his Band were playing Concertoes on the Shore. For, ſaid he, 'twas a fine Summer's Eve, the Sea as ſmooth as Glaſs, and not a Breath of Wind ſtirring; and the Captain, being a *Devonſhire* Man, thought that ſome neighbouring Gentlemen were making merry there; he order'd out his Boat, and took me with him on Shore, and when we came up to the Muſick, ſaid he, What do you think it was? The Company being puzzled to find it out, he told them 'twas nothing but a Shepherd playing upon a *Jews*-harp, and the Variety of Sound which they heard, was owing to the Eccho of the Rocks. Strange Eccho, indeed, ſays a Gentleman in Company, tho' nothing like one I heard in *Devonſhire* myſelf; for, ſaid he, a Gentleman of my Acquaintance, ſhewing me his Gardens, Park, and other Curioſities, brought me at laſt upon a Mount, which had a Ruin that ſtood at ſome ſmall Diſtance; that Ruin, ſays my Friend, makes the fineſt Eccho from this Place, which you ever heard, he bid me hollow and try; upon which, I, with a loud Voice cried, How do you do? And the Eccho anſwer'd, Very well.

An Under *Sheriff* in *Suſſex*, being to attend a Malefactor to Execution on a *Friday*, went to him the *Wedneſday* before, to aſk the following Favour; My good Friend, ſays the *Sheriff*, you know I have Orders to ſee you executed next *Friday*; now it ſo falls out, that I have Buſineſs of the utmoſt Importance to do at *London* on that Day, and as you muſt die ſo ſoon, one Day's Difference can make no Odds; you know I have been very kind to you during your Confinement, and I ſhou'd take it as a particular Favour, if you wou'd be hang'd on *Thurſday* Morning. To which the Priſoner replied, 'Tis very true, you have been very kind to me, for which I return you my hearty

Thanks, and am very ſorry I cannot oblige you in this Particular; for it alſo ſo falls out with me, that I have ſome Buſineſs of great Importance to do on *Friday*-Morning; but, Mr. *Sheriff*, to ſhew you that I am not an ungrateful Man; ſuppoſe we put off this ſaid hanging till *Monday* morning: If you like that, Mr. *Sheriff*, I'll do it with all my Heart.

A great *Epicure*, making a Viſit to a Nobleman of his Acquaintance, found him playing at Back-gammon with his Chaplain; the Clergyman leaving the Room, the Gentleman aſk'd his Friend, how he cou'd be ſo mean, as to ſit playing with his Chaplain? and ſwore, for his Part, he wou'd rather play with his Cook. Why then, ſays the Nobleman, you wou'd do the very ſame Thing, for which you abuſe me; for as you make a God of your Guts, your Cook is your Chaplain.

One of the Rebels having eſcap'd out of the Tower in the Year fifteen, a Gentleman, frighten'd out of his Senſes, ran to King *George* I. to acquaint him of this News; and begg'd his Majeſty wou'd tell him what he cou'd do in this Caſe. Really, Sir, ſays the King, for your Part, I don't know what you can do; but, for the Priſoner's Part, I think he cou'd not have done better than he has.

A Regiment of Horſe in King *William*'s Time, being quarter'd at *Canterbury*, and the Archbiſhop being then there, he invited all the Officers of the Regiment to Dinner. One of the Cornets being oblig'd to keep Guard that Day, and lamenting his Misfortune, that he cou'd not have the Honour to dine with the Biſhop, bethought himſelf of this Stratagem: He knew that one of his Brother Cornets was gone out of Town, and wou'd not return till Evening; he determin'd therefore to wait for him at his Lodgings, and frighten him by a falſe Meſſage from the Biſhop. Accordingly when his Comrade arriv'd, he addreſs'd him thus: *Tom*, I believe I ſhall ſurprize you. Why, ſays *Tom*, what the De'l is the Matter? No great Matter, ſays his Comrade, only the Biſhop has ſent for all the Officers to hear them their Catechiſm. The De-

vil

vil he has, quoth *Tom*! Then I am ruin'd Horſe and Foot, for, as I am a Sinner, I can't ſay three Lines. Never be troubled about that, ſays his Comrade, I can ſay mine every Word; and if you'll mount Guard for me to-morrow, I'll go in your Place. With all my Heart, ſays *Tom*, and thank you to Boot; ſo the next Day they all, except *Tom*, din'd with the Biſhop: His Lordſhip, being a very polite Man, told the Colonel, that he hop'd all his Officers were there; for he intended it as a general Invitation. The Colonel told him, they were all there, except one young Gentleman, who was oblig'd to mount Guard. The Biſhop took no Notice of it then, but the next Day ſent his Servant to the abſent Gentleman, to deſire his Company by himſelf; *Tom* had no ſooner receiv'd the Meſſage, than he ran frighten'd out of his Senſes to his Comrade, to make his Complaint: Ah! my Friend, ſays *Tom*, 'tis all in Vain; I muſt go at laſt, the Biſhop has ſent for me. Never mind it, ſays his Comrade, you'll do very well; he did not aſk us above one Queſtion or two. *Tom* being thus prepar'd, went to the Biſhop's, where he was introduc'd into a Parlour; at length his Lordſhip came in: Sir, ſays the Biſhop, I am ſorry I cou'd not have the Pleaſure of your Company yeſterday; may I crave your Name, ſays the Biſhop? *Thomas*, my Lord, replied the Cornet. What Countryman, ſays the Biſhop? My Godfathers and Godmothers, replied the Cornet. Says the Biſhop, I don't mean to catechiſe you, and thus the Cheat was diſcover'd.

Some People are wonderfully fond of the Hyperbole, and eſpecially, when by the Uſe of this Figure they can aggrandize the Place of their Birth; my Friend *Tom Startle* is of this Diſpoſition, and generally takes care to let every Body know it. I remember *Tom* in a Company once took an Opportunity to go off upon the Fertility of his Country, and told the Gentlemen, that the Turnips in that Place were ſo much bigger than the Sheep, that they frequently eat into them, and buried themſelves there from the Cold. That I know to be true, ſays a Gentleman preſent, for I was once at Dinner upon a boil'd

Leg of Mutton and Turnips in your very Pariſh; and from the very firſt Turnip I cut, out jump'd a Sheep.

A Clergyman in the North, who had a large Family, and but a very ſmall Living, betook himſelf to fiſhing for their Support. It happen'd once, that the Arch-deacon, on his Viſitation, paſs'd by the very River where the Vicar was fiſhing; and ſeeing him dreſs'd in black, aſk'd if he was the Clergyman of the Pariſh? Yes, Sir, anſwers the Vicar. Well, quoth Mr. *Archdeacon*, and have you here many Souls? No, ſays the Vicar, (intent on his fiſhing) very few, but we have Flounders, Gudgeons, and Chubs.

After the Death of the late Earl of *Derby*, the Iſle of *Man* devolv'd to his Grace the preſent Duke of *Athol*, who went over to take a View of his new Poſſeſſion; where obſerving a Fiſherman, with a Mare loaded with Oyſters, his Grace commanded him to open ſome, in order to taſte them. While this was doing, the poor Mare piſs'd, upon which he beat her unmercifully; a Gentleman, who was with the Duke, aſk'd the Fiſherman the Cauſe of his Outrage? *Why Sir*, reply'd the poor Fellow, *ſhe ought to be kill'd for piſſing before his Highland Glory*, an unmannerly Jade.

A young Gentlewoman, lately arriv'd from *Barbadoes*, came to *Leadenhall* Market, to buy a Scrag of Mutton for Broth; for which the Butcher aſk'd Ninepence. That's too much, ſaid ſhe, cut it off, Sir, and I'll give you a *Bit* * for it. D——n your *Bit*, Madam, I want none of your *Bits*, reply'd the Butcher; I've a much better *Bit* than you at Home.

Two Gentlemen, having Words in a Tavern, at length fell to fighting with their Canes; a Stander by, obſerving one of them to ſtrike his Antagoniſt over the Head, while the other only belabour'd the Sides and Shoulders; after the Fray was over, aſk'd the latter, why he did not ſtrike upon the Head alſo? Oh! Sir, ſaid he, if I had hit him over the Head, I ſhou'd have broke my Cane.

* A *Bit* in *Barbadoes* is a Piece of Money valu'd at 7*d*.

A Gen-

A Gentleman aſk'd my Friend, Sir *Roger Shakeſide*, in the Company of a certain Lady, what was the fundamental Trade in *London*? *The Trade of Love, Sir*, quoth Sir Roger. *Very true*, ſays the Lady, *I believe it may; but 'tis a Buſineſs*, Sir Roger, *that few Men care for after Marriage.*

A certain Clergyman in the Weſt of *England*, being at the Point of Death, a Neighbouring Brother, who had ſome Intereſt with his Patron, apply'd to him for the next Preſentation; upon which the former, who ſoon after recover'd, upbraided him with Breach of Friendſhip, and ſaid, he wanted his Death. No, no, Doctor, ſays the other; you quite miſtake, *'twas your* Living *I wanted.*

My Friend, *Tom Tickle* is peculiarly odd in his Manner of drawing Characters: I remember, he once, while I was with him, ſent his Servant to a Gentleman, who is remarkable for being always in a Hurry, with a Meſſage of great Importance; but the Servant return'd, and told his Maſter, that the Gentleman was in ſo great a Hurry, he cou'd not ſpeak to him. *'Tis no more than what I expected*, ſays Tom, *for he loſes an Hour in the Morning, and runs after it all Day.*

A young Gentleman, who had an Inclination to get upon the Stage, apply'd to Mr. *Rich*, who deſir'd him to ſpeak ſome Lines of Tragedy, in the famous Soliloquy of *Hamlet*. The Gentleman began in a very diſagreeable Manner, *To be, or not to be, that is the Queſtion* —— *Not to be*, ſays *Rich*, and ſo left him to rant by himſelf.

'Tis cuſtomary for the Clergy in moſt Counties to have annual Meetings, in order to ſettle the Affairs of the Church. There belonged to a Society of this Sort in *Dorſetſhire*, a Clergyman of good Nature, and good Fortune; one who was a good Chriſtian, a good Poet, and a good Divine, capable of making excellent Sermons, but preach'd them badly. At one of theſe Meetings, after the Gentlemen had din'd, and the Servants were ſet down together, this Clergyman's Man

Man, who was a Stranger, aſk'd another, What ſo many Parſons met together for? *Why*, anſwered he, to *ſwap Sermons*. *Ay*, quoth the Former, *then my Maſter is always moſt damnably cheated; for he never gets a good one.*

A certain Biſhop who had long promiſed a Friend to give him a Living, wrote to offer him a little one juſt fallen, in his Gift, and in the Letter told the Clergyman, he was ſorry it was ſo ſmall; *But however*, added his Lordſhip, *it will be ſufficient to find you in Hay*, upon which the Parſon wrote the following *Laconic* Letter,

My Lord,

I can't eat Hay.

Yours THOMAS SHORT.

It has been often obſerv'd, and with too much Truth, that *Engliſh* Gentlemen reap no Benefit by travelling. *Tom Smart* made a pretty Uſe of this when he told a prating Coxcomb, juſt return'd from *Italy*, *That the* Engliſh *went out Figures, and return'd Cyphers.*

Hippeſly, the Player, having a large full Wig on, which he had not paid for, was told by a Friend of his, that it was a very good one. *Faith! Sir*, ſaid he, with his uſual Humour, *I know not how good it may prove in the long run, but at preſent it has run me over Head and Ears in Debt.*

The Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, having preſented Dr. *Sheridan* to a Living, the firſt Sunday he preach'd there happened to be the Anniverſary of the King's Acceſſion to the Throne, and he undeſignedly took theſe Words for his Text. *Sufficient for the Day is the Evil thereof.* Hereupon he was repreſented to his Excellency as a diſaffected Perſon, and could never obtain any farther Preferment. Dr. *Swift*, being inform'd of this, ſaid, *Poor Sheridan, had ſhot his Preferment dead with a ſingle Text.*

Jack Ketch having hang'd a Perſon who had a good Pair of Breeches on, was aſk'd the Price of them by one of the Spectators; What will you give for them, ſays *Jack?* The Fellow reply'd Three Half Crowns; I'll give Ten Shillings, ſays another, which *Jack* refus'd, and took the firſt Offer. The Under-Sheriff a little ſurpriz'd to ſee him take the leaſt Money, aſk'd the Reaſon of it, and upbraided him for a Fool. *No matter for that, Sir,* ſays *Jack*; *This Man has promis'd never to wear them but when he goes to Church, and I ſhall certainly have them again next Hanging-Day.*

A Gentleman in Company complaining that he was very ſubject to catch cold of his Feet, another not overloaded with Senſe, told him, that might eaſily be prevented, if he would follow his Directions. I always get, ſaid he, a thin Piece of Lead, out of an *India* Cheſt, and fit it to my Shoe for this Purpoſe. *Then Sir,* ſays the former, *You are like a Rope-Dancers-Pole, you have Lead at both Ends.*

An Arch Critic obſerving that moſt of our modern Play-wrights were *Plagiaries*, and ſtole from *Corneille, Racine, Moliere,* and other *French* Authors. One of the Company aſk'd him from whence the immortal *Shakeſpear* had pilfer'd? *Why truly!* ſays he, *not having the fear of Heaven before his Eyes, he has ſacrilegiouſly ſtolen from that ſacred Goddeſs, Nature, in all her Works.*

When *Moliere*, the great Comic-Poet of *France*, died, the Archbiſhop of *Paris* would not let his Body be buried in conſecrated Ground: The King being inform'd of this, ſent for the Archbiſhop, and expoſtulated with him about it; but finding him unwilling to comply, ask'd how many Feet deep the Holy Ground reach'd? The Biſhop anſwer'd, *About eight. Well,* reply'd the King, *I find there is no getting the better of our Scruples; therefore, let his Grave be dug twelve Feet deep, that's four below your conſecrated Ground, and let them bury him there.*

A Friend

A Friend of mine, near Seventy, who was bleſs'd with a polite Education, and a fine Genius; but was very wavering and unſtable in his Diſpoſition, was reproach'd with it by another Gentleman, who told him he cou'd never hold to any Reſolution. *Faith, Sir, ſaid he, you are much miſtaken. I have reſolv'd not to kiſs the Girls ſo much as I formerly did, and I'm ſure I ſhall hold to that.*

Mr. *Joſeph Trefuſis*, a Comedian in *Ireland*, and an Acquaintance of the late Mr *Wilks*'s, delighted much in angling. As he was fiſhing by the *Liffy* Side, ſome Friends of his were going into a Boat to embark for *England*. *Jo* called to them to take him in, that he might ſee them ſafe on board, where they prevail'd upon him to make a Journey to *London* with them, with his fiſhing Cloaths on, no ſecond Shirt, and but ſeven Shillings in his Pocket. His Companions left him in *London*, and Mr. *Wilks* chanc'd to find him gazing at the Dial in *Covent-Garden-Square*, when he aſk'd how he came there, in that Pickle? *Hum! Ha! Why Faith*, Bobby, reply'd *Jo*, *I only came from* Dublin, *to ſee what it was o'Clock at* Covent-Garden.

This ſame Gentleman enter'd Volunteer on board the Ship which the Duke of *York* commanded, in that memorable Engagement with the *Dutch* Fleet, 1673. When Preparations were making for Battle, *Jo* confeſs'd he was ſeized with Fear; but when the Man at the Top-maſt-head cry'd, *A Sail*, then *two Sail*, and after, *Zounds a whole Wood!* *Jo*'s Terrors augmented; which a Sailor obſerving, aſk'd whether he had never perform'd on the Stage? *Jo* reply'd, *Yes. Why then*, ſays the blunt Tarr, *To-morrow, if you are not kill'd the firſt Broadſide, you'll ſee the deepeſt and bloodieſt Tragedy, you ever ſaw in your Life.*

Mr. *Wilks*, paying a Viſit to Mr. *Farquhar*, Author of the Stratagem, when he was extremely ill, told him, that Mrs. *Oldfield* thought, he dealt too freely with the Character of Mrs. *Sullen*, (which She was to play) in giving her to *Archer* without a proper Divorce, which was not a Security for her Honour. *To ſalve that*, reply'd

ply'd *Farquhar*, I'll *get a real Divorce.*—*Marry her myſelf, and give her my Bond, ſhe ſhall be a real Widow in leſs than a Fortnight.*

A certain Doctor having raiſed a pretty Fortune by irregular Practice, was deſirous of purchaſing a Coat of Arms to adorn his Chariot, and accordingly aſk'd a Friend's Advice, what he had beſt have for them, *Oh! Doctor, ſaid he, Nothing will ſuit you better than three Ducks, and let the Motto, if you pleaſe, be* Quack, Quack, Quack.

A Gentleman riding over *Salisbury* Plain, when it rain'd very hard, ſet up a Gallop, and paſs'd by another whoſe Horſe ſtood ſtill; a little ſurpriz'd at this Sight, he aſk'd the Reaſon of it, *Zounds*, ſays the other, *who the De'el but a Fool would ride in all this Wet.*

A Gentleman t'other Day going to Court, was aſk'd by another at the Palace, Where he was going, and whether he wanted a Poſt; *No, No*, Sir, ſays the former, *If I did I would take you.*

An honeſt good-natured Hoſt near *Baſingſtoke*, who did not care for troubleſome Gueſts, had one Evening a Coach and Six came in pretty late, the Travellers ſoon began to call about them, to aſk what he had for Supper; to examine the Beds, *&c.* And at Length the 'Squire aſk'd how far it was to the next Inn on the Road, *'Tis but a little Way, Sir, not half a Mile*, ſays the Landlord, *and if you'll go I ſhall be oblig'd to you, and my Man ſhall light you for Nothing.*

A Gentleman t'other Day told my Friend *Tom Smart*, that he was a Punſter; *No, No*, ſays *Tom*, I have the utmoſt Averſion to that Character, Why ſo, ſays the other? Why, *Becauſe you are one*, ſays Tom.

A certain Country Juſtice, remarkable for incredible Stories, was telling a *Londoner*, who happen'd to dine at the Market-town with him, of a Turnep, which grew in one of his Fields, that five Sheep had eat their Way into, and liv'd in it during the Winter.

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The Citizen, in his Turn, ſaid, he cou'd tell him of as wonderful a Thing as that; for not long before he left the Town, Buſineſs call'd him to *Whitechapel*, where he paſs'd by a Brazier's, who was making a Copper, which was ſo very large, that tho' four and twenty Men were at Work upon it, they cou'd not hear each other hammer the Rivets. What the De'el can that be for, ſays his Worſhip? *Why, to boil your Turneps in, Sir,* ſays the other.

A Gentleman and two Ladies, being out pretty late in *London*, and not able to get a Hackney Coach, prevail'd with a Gentleman's Coachman to take them home in his Maſter's Chariot, who, hearing them very merry, wou'd often ſtop and bid them take care of the Glaſs; at which the Gentleman within ſaid, Don't be ſo uneaſy, Friend, we have rode in a Chariot before now. *That I don't doubt,* ſays the Fellow, *but I believe 'tis a good while ſince.*

Some Gentlemen, t'other Day boaſting of their Anceſtors, an arch Wag ſtanding by, ſaid, he believ'd he was one of the ancienteſt Family of any of them, and cou'd trace his Pedigree in a lineal Deſcent from King *Lud*. Ay, ſays one of them, how do you make that out? *Why, Sir,* ſaid he, *it was my Misfortune to be put into* Ludgate *for a Debt of fifty Shillings, and I made my Eſcape down a Rope.*

A Perſon, who had render'd himſelf obnoxious in Trade, was told of ſome of his Tricks by a Merchant on Change; and being a little nettled at his Reproaches, ſaid, What, Sir, do you call me Rogue? *No, I don't call you Rogue,* ſays the Merchant, *but I'll give you ten Guineas, if you'll find any one here, who will ſay, you are an honeſt Man.*

An arch Priſoner, who had an unfavourable Countenance, being brought to the Bar to be try'd for Horſeſtealing, the Judge immediately cry'd, Oh here is a noted Villain, I am ſure! Why Sirrah, I can ſee the Rogue in your Face, *Ay, my Lord,* ſays the Fellow, *I wonder at that; for I did not know my Face was a Looking-glaſs, till your Lordſhip ſaw yourſelf in it.*

JY 57

FINIS.

SELECT

EPIGRAMS, &c.

On a ruin'd Garden. By Mr. F.

WEEDS from the Ground, inſtead of Flowers, ſprout,
And Snails adorn the Walls where once was Fruit:
Happy for us had *Eve*'s this Garden been; (Sin.
Then ſhe had found no Fruit, and we had known no

On a Jacobite Lady turn'd Whig, and dreſs'd in Orange-colour'd Knots for a Dance.

Little Tory, why this Jeſt
Of all that Orange in your Breaſt?
While that Breaſt, betraying, ſhows
The Whiteneſs of the Rebel Roſe!

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Waterman's Epigram, on a certain Nobleman's Houſe being repair'd.

Long on the River have I row'd,
It may be Years ſome thirty;
While * * Earl his Backſide ſhow'd,
Green, yellow, black and dirty:
How is my Heart rejoyc'd, I cry'd,
To ſee how white it made is,
It is not now my Lord's Backſide,
This ſurely is my Lady's.

On a good Singer's being turn'd out of one of the Theatres at the Inſtigation of one of the Players.

Says *Kate C*— to the *Devil*, in ſpite of Reſiſtance,
I've damn'd one good Singer without your Aſſiſtance.

Then *Kate*, ſays *Old Nick*, I'm a Damn in your Debt:
So they parted good Friends, as they always had met.

The fortunate Sailor.

Honeſt *Sim* and his Wife once to Sea took a Trip,
When a ſudden croſs Wind overſet the light Ship;
Hand in Hand over Deck went this Couple together,
Suſan ſunk like a Stone, *Simon* ſwam like a Feather.
Thank my Stars, ſays the Man (ſafe eſcap'd from the Flood),
'Tis a bad Wind, indeed, that blows no-body Good.

Women the beſt Politicians.

One Night plump *Sue* and Coachman *Ned*,
A Bargain ſtruck in haſte to wed;
A Crown was ſtak'd, the Pair conſented
To loſe their Pledge who firſt repented:
Time for the Matrimonial Farce,
To-morrow comes—*Ned* hangs an Arſe.
Of bad the beſt poor *Suky* makes,
And angry claims his forfeit Stakes:
Ned frankly paid it, as agreed,
Of a worſe Bargain to be freed;
Quoth he, Thou'rt welcome on my Life,
A cheap Divorcement from a Wife.
—The crafty Quean, who feign'd awhile,
Soon anſwer'd with a jeering Smile,
'Ah Fool, 'tis well you firſt relented,
'I'd loſt—had you but ſeem'd contented;
'Gladly your Freedom I'll reſtore,
'One Shilling ſpend, and pocket four.'
Ladies, lay *Ovid*'s Rules apart,
In Love learn thriftier *Suſan*'s Art.

Giles Jolt *and his Cart.*

Giles Jolt, as ſleeping in his Cart he lay,
Some pilf'ring Villains ſtole his Team away:
Giles wakes and cries—What's here, a dickin, what!
Why how now—Am I *Giles*, or am I not?
If he—I've loſt ſix Geldings to my Smart:
If not—Oddsbuddikins, I've found a Cart.

Joan

By Mr. * * * *.

Joan vows, to hearten tim'rous Youth,
She ne'er ſaw Ghoſt, or thing uncivil,
Worſe than herſelf; —tho' once, in Truth,
Joan does believe ſhe ſaw the Devil.

By Dr. S——t.

Ye little Wits, that gleam'd a while,
When *Pope* vouchſaf'd a Ray,
Alas! depriv'd of his kind Smile,
How ſoon ye fade away!

To compaſs *Phœbus'* Car about,
Thus empty Vapours riſe;
Each lends his Cloud, to put him out
That rear'd him to the Skies.

Alas! thoſe Skies are not your Sphere;
There he ſhall ever burn:
Weep, weep, and fall! for Earth ye were,
And muſt to Earth return.

By the Same.

The Raven, Rook, and pert Jackdaw,
(Tho' neither Birds of moral Kind)
Yet ſerve, if hang'd, or ſtuff'd with Straw,
To ſhew us which way blows the Wind.

Thus dirty Knaves, or chatt'ring Fools,
Strung up by Dozens in thy Lay,
Teach more by half than *Dennis'* Rules,
And point Inſtruction ev'ry Way.

With *Egypt*'s Art thy Pen may ſtrive,
One potent Drop let this but ſhed,
And ev'ry Rogue that ſtunk alive
Becomes a precious Mummy dead.

By the Same.

While Malice, *Pope*, denies thy Page
Its own celeſtial Fire,
While Criticks, and while Bards in Rage,
Admiring, won't admire;

While wayward Pens thy Worth aſſail,
And envious Tongues decry,
Theſe Times tho' many a Friend bewail,
Theſe Times bewail not I.

But when the World's loud Praiſe is thine,
And Spleen no more ſhall blame,
When with thy *Homer* thou ſhalt ſhine
In one eſtabliſh'd fame.

When none ſhall rail, and ev'ry Lay
Devote a Wreath to thee;
That Day (for come it will) that Day
Shall I lament to ſee.

By the Same.

Dear *Welſted*, mark in dirty Hole,
That painful Animal, a Mole:
Above-ground never born to go,
What mighty Stir it keeps below?
To make a Mole-hill all this Strife!
It digs, pokes, undermines for Life.
How proud a little Dirt to ſpread!
Conſcious of nothing o'er its Head.
'Till, lab'ring on for want of Eyes,
It blunders into Light—and dies.

Another by the Same.

You aſk why *Roome* diverts you with his Jokes,
Yet if he writes, is dull as other Folks?
You wonder at it——This, Sir, is the Caſe,
The Jeſt is loſt, unleſs he prints his Face.

Another by the Same.

Burnet and *Ducket*, Friends in Spite,
Came hiſſing forth in Verſe;
Both were ſo forward, each would write,
So dull, each hung an A——.
Thus *Amphisbæna* (I have read)
At either End aſſails;
None knows which leads, or which is led,
For both Heads are but Tails.

On a bad Author.

Half of your Book is to an *Index* grown,
You give your Book *Contents*, your Readers none.

On

On the Marriage of an old Maid.

Celia, a Coquet in her Prime,
The vaineſt, fickleſt Thing alive;
Behold the ſtrange Effects of Time!
Marries, and doats at Forty-five.

Thus Weather-cocks, who, for a while,
Have turn'd about with every Blaſt;
Grown old, and deſtitute of Oil,
Ruſt to a Point, and fix at laſt.

The beſt Cure for Love.

Of two Reliefs, to cure a Love-ſick Mind,
Flavia preſcribes Deſpair; I urge be kind:
Flavia be kind: The Remedy's as ſure,
'Tis the moſt pleaſant, and the quickeſt Cure.

On a Flower painted by Varelſt.

By Mr. Prior.

When fam'd *Varelſt* this little Wonder drew,
Flora vouchſafed the growing Work to view;
Finding the Painter's Science at a Stand,
The Goddeſs ſnatch'd the Pencil from his Hand,
And finiſhing the Piece, ſhe ſmiling ſaid,
Behold one Work of mine which ne'er ſhall fade.

On a Lady, who was very handſome and very fond.

Chloe, the Wonder of her Sex,
'Tis well her Heart is tender;
How might ſuch killing Eyes perplex,
With Virtue to defend her.

But Nature graciouſly inclin'd,
Not bent to vex but pleaſe us,
Has to her boundleſs Beauty join'd
A boundleſs Will to eaſe us.

On an old Woman who wore falſe Hair.

The Golden Hair that *Galla* wears,
Is hers, who would have thought it?
She ſwears 'tis her's—and true ſhe ſwears;
For I know where ſhe bought it.

On a Lady wearing artificial Teeth.

Thais her Teeth are black and nought,
Lucania's white are grown;
But what's the Reaſon, theſe are bought,
The other wears her own.

On a Welſhman *bilking his Hoſt.*

A *Welchman* coming late into an Inn,
Aſked the Maid, what Meat there was within,
Cow-heels ſhe anſwered, and a Breaſt of Mutton;
But quoth the *Welchman*, ſince I am no Glutton,
Either of theſe ſhall ſerve: To Night the Breaſt,
The Heels i'th' Morning; then light Meat is beſt;
At Night, he took the Breaſt, and did not pay,
I'th' Morning, took his *Heels* and ran away,

On a Painter drawing a Lady's Picture. By Mr. Dennis.

He * who great *Jove*'s Artillery ap'd ſo well,
By real Thunder and true Lightning fell;
How then durſt thou, with equal Danger try,
To counterfeit the Lightning of her Eye!
Painter deſiſt! or ſoon th' Event will prove,
That Love's as jealous, of his Arms, as *Jove*.

On ſeeing a beautiful Lady working with her Needle.

Oh what Boſom but muſt yield,
When like *Pallas* you advance,
With a Thimble for your Shield,
And a Needle for your Lance;

* *Salmoneus.*

Faireſt

Faireſt of the blooming Train!
Eaſe my Paſſion by your Art,
And in Pity to my Pain,
Mend the Hole that's in my Heart.

To Mr. Pope, *on his Tranſlation of* Homer.

So much, dear *Pope*, thy *Engliſh Iliad* charms,
Where Pity melts us, or where Paſſion warms,
That After-ages ſhall with Wonder ſeek,
Who 'twas tranſlated *Homer* into *Greek*.

The Dart. To the Lady L—— M——.

Whene'er I look, I may deſcry
A little Face peep through that Eye,
Sure that's the Boy, who wiſely choſe
His Throne among ſuch Beams as thoſe;
Which if his Quiver chance to fall,
May ſerve for Darts to kill withall.

Minerva's *Miſtake. To the beautiful and ingenious Miſs* *********.

Minerva one Day, pray let no Body doubt it,
Rid an airing from *Oxford* ſix Miles, or about it,
Where ſhe ſpy'd a young Damſel, ſo blooming and fair,
That, Ah *Venus!* She cry'd, is your Ladyſhip there?
Pray is not yon *Oxford?* And lately you ſwear,
Neither you, nor aught like you, ſhou'd ever come there;
Do you thus keep your Promiſe! And am I defy'd?
The Virgin drew near her, and ſmiling reply'd,
My Goddeſs! what have you your Pupil forgot?
Your Pardon my Dear—is it you, *Molly Scot?*

On the Duke of Argyle. *By Mr.* Gay.

Argyle they ſay has Wit, for what?
For Writing?—No; for writing not.

On an ugly old Woman in the dark. From Martial.

Whilſt in the Dark on thy ſoft Hand I hung,
And heard the tempting *Syren* in thy Tongue;

What Flames, what Darts, what Anguiſh I endur'd!
But when the Candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

On ſeeing a diſagreeable Woman with Patches on her Face.

Your homely Face, *Flippanta*, you diſguiſe,
With Patches numerous as *Argus'* Eyes,
I own that Patching's requiſite for you,
For more we're pleas'd if leſs your Face we view;
Yet I adviſe, if my Advice you'd aſk,
Wear but one Patch, and be that Patch a Maſk.

On Suicide. From Martial.

When all the Blandiſhments of Life are gone,
The *Coward* creeps to Death, the *Brave* lives on.

On a bad Poet.

Thy Verſes are eternal, O my Friend!
For he who reads them, reads them to no *End.*

Pinn'd to a Sheet, in which a Woman ſtood to do Pennance in the Church.

Here ſtand I, for Whores as great
To caſt a ſcornful Eye on;
Should each Whore here be doom'd a Sheet,
You'd ſoon want one to lie on.

Written under the KING'S-HEAD *and* BELL, *in* Dublin, *at the Requeſt of the Hoſt. By Dr.* Swift.

May the King live long,
Dong, ding, ding, dong.

Advice to Dr. Trapp *on his tranſlating* Virgil.

Mind but thy Preaching *Trapp*, tranſlate no further,
Is it not written, *Thou ſhalt do no Murther?*

A Receipt to make an EPIGRAM, *by the Rt. Honourable the late Lord* Hervey.

A pleaſing Subject firſt with Care provide,
Your Matter muſt with Nature be ſupply'd,

Nervous

Nervous your Diction, be your Meaſure long,
Nor fear your Verſe be ſtiff, if Senſe be ſtrong:
In proper Places, proper Numbers uſe,
And now the quicker, now the ſlower chuſe,
Too ſoon the *Dactyl* the Performance ends;
But the ſlow *Spondee* coming Thoughts ſuſpends.
Your laſt Attention on the Sting beſtow,
To that your good, or ill Succeſs you'll owe;
For there not Wit alone muſt ſhine, but Humour flow:
Obſerving theſe, your Epigram's compleated;
Nor fear 'twill tire, tho' ſeven times repeated.

On ſeeing PROMETHEUS *ill painted. By Mr.* COWLEY.

How wretched does *Prometheus'* State appear,
Whilſt he his ſecond Mis'ry ſuffers here.
Draw him no more, leſt as he tortur'd ſtands,
He blame great *Jove*'s leſs than the Painter's Hands.
It would the Vulture's Cruelty outgo,
If once again his Liver thus ſhould grow.
Pity him *Jove*, and his bold Theft allow;
The Flames he once ſtole from thee, grant him now.

By Dr. Swift.

As *Thomas* was cudgell'd one Day by his Wife,
He took to his Heels and ran for his Life.
Tom's three deareſt Friends came by in the Squabble,
And ſcreen'd him at once from the Shrew and the Rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him ſome wholeſome Advice;
But *Tom* is a Fellow of Humour ſo nice,
Too proud to take Counſel, too wiſe to take Warning,
He ſent to all three a Challenge next Morning.
He fought with all three, thrice ventur'd his Life,
Then went home again, and was threſh'd by his Wife.

Venus *miſtaken. By Mr.* Prior.

When *Chloe*'s Picture was to *Venus* ſhown,
Surpriz'd the Goddeſs took it for her own,
And what, ſaid ſhe, does this bold Painter mean?
When was I bathing thus? And naked ſeen?

Pleas'd

Pleas'd *Cupid* heard, and check'd his Mother's Pride;
And who's blind now, *Mamma*, the Urchin cry'd?
'Tis *Chloe*'s Eye, and Cheek, and Lip, and Breaſt;
Friend *Howard*'s Genius fancied all the reſt.

The diſappointed Huſband.

A ſcolding Wife ſo long a Sleep poſſeſs'd,
Her Spouſe preſum'd her Soul was now at Reſt.
Sable was call'd, to hang the Room with black,
And all their Cheer was Sugar-rolls, and Sack:
Two mourning Staffs ſtood Centry at the Door,
And *Silence* reign'd, who ne'er was there before.
The Cloaks and Tears and Handkerchiefs prepar'd,
They march'd in woeful Pomp to *Abchurch Yard*.
When, ſee of narrow Streets what Miſchiefs come!
The very Dead can't paſs in quiet Home.
By ſome rude Jolt the Coffin Lid was broke,
And *Madam* from her Dream of Death awoke.
Now all was ſpoil'd! The Undertaker's Pay,
Sour Faces, Cakes, and Wine quite thrown away.
But ſome Years after, when the former Scene,
Was acted, and the Coffin nail'd again,
The tender Huſband took eſpecial Care
To keep the Paſſage from Diſturbance clear;
Charging the Bearers that they tread aright,
Nor put his Dear in ſuch another Fright.

On Craſſus, *a covetous Parſon. By Mr.* Amhurſt.

Unform'd in Nature's Shop while *Craſſus* lay,
A cumbrous Heap of coarſe neglected Clay;
Pray, Madam, ſays the Foreman, of the Trade,
What of yon paultry Rubbiſh muſt be made?
For 'tis too groſs, ſaid he, and unrefin'd
To be the Carcaſe of a thinking Mind.
Then 'tis too lumpiſh, and too ſtiff to make
A Fop, a Beau, a Witling, or a Rake.
Nor is it for a Lady's Footman fit,
For Ladies Footmen muſt have Senſe and Wit:
A Warrior muſt be vigilant and bold;
And therefore claims a briſk and active Mould.

A Stateſman muſt be ſkill'd in various Arts,
A Miſtreſs muſt have Charms, a Pimp have Parts,
A Lawyer without Craft will get no Fees:
This Matter therefore will make none of theſe.
In ſhort I plainly think it good for nought;
But Madam I deſire your better Thought.
Why *Tom*, ſaid ſhe, in a diſdainful Tone,
Amongſt the Sweepings, let it then be thrown;
Or make a Parſon of the uſeleſs Stuff,
'Twill ſerve a preaching Blockhead well enough.

On a beautiful Woman with a fine Voice, who was very covetous and proud.

So bright is thy Beauty, ſo charming thy Song,
As had drawn both the Beaſts and their *Orpheus* along;
But ſuch is thy Avarice, and ſuch is thy Pride,
That the Beaſts muſt have ſtarv'd, and the Poet have dy'd.

On Miſs Floyd. *By Dr.* Swift.

When *Cupid* did his Grandſire *Jove* intreat,
To form ſome Beauty by a new Receipt;
Jove ſent, and found far in a Country Scene,
Truth, Innocence, Good-nature, Looks ſerene:
From which Ingredients, firſt the dext'rous Boy,
Pick'd the Demure, the Aukward, and the Coy;
The *Graces* from the Court did next provide,
Breeding and Wit, and Air, and decent Pride.
Theſe *Venus* cleans'd from every ſpurious Grain,
Of nice Coquet, affected, pert and vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and his beſt Clay employ'd,
Then call'd the happy Compoſition *Floyd*.

Written on a Fan. *By Dr.* Atterbury.

Flavia, the leaſt and ſlighteſt Toy,
Can with reſiſtleſs Art employ;
This Fan, in meaner Hands, would prove
An Engine of ſmall Force in Love;
Yet ſhe, with graceful Air and Mein,
Not to be told, or fairly ſeen,
Directs its wanton Motion ſo,
That it wounds more than *Cupid*'s Bow;

Gives

Gives Coolneſs to the matchleſs Dame,
To every other Breaſt a Flame.

To a Company of bad Dancers to good Muſic. By Mr. Budgell.

How ill the Motion with the Muſic ſuits!
So *Orpheus* fiddled, and ſo danc'd the Brutes.

On Suſannah *and the two Elders. By Mr.* Cobb.

When fair *Suſannah* in a cool Retreat,
Of ſhady Arbours ſhunn'd the ſultry Heat,
Two wanton Letchers to her Garden came,
And ruſhing furious ſeiz'd the trembling Dame;
What female Strength could do, her Arms perform,
And guarded well the Fort they ſtrove to ſtorm;
The Story's antient, and (if rightly told,)
Young was the Lady, but the Lovers old,
Had the Reverſe been true, had Authors ſung
How that the Dame was old, the Lovers young;
If ſhe had then the blooming Pair deny'd,
With tempting Youth, and Vigour on their ſide;
Oh! how the Story would have ſhock'd my Creed?
For that had been a Miracle indeed.

On the late Lord H——y. *By the Earl of* C——d.

Nature whilſt *H——y*'s Clay was blending,
Uncertain what the Thing would end in;
Whether a Female, or a Male,
A Pin dropt in, and turn'd the Scale.

On Mr. T—d's *complimenting Mr.* F—de, *on his Poetry.*

F——de writes well you ſay; ſuppoſe it true,
You pawn your Word for him, he'll vouch for you:
So two poor Knaves when once their Credit fail,
To cheat the World, become each others Bail.

Lingua potentior Armis.

That Speech ſurpaſſes Force is no new Whim,
Jove caus'd the Heavens to tremble, *Juno* him.

While

While Bunters attending at the Archbiſhop's Door,
Accoſted each other with *Cheat*, *Bitch*, and *Whore*,
I noted the Drabs, and conſidering the Place,
Concluded 'twas plain, that they wanted his Grace.

In a Window of a Room in the Tower of London *is wrote*, R. WALPOLE, 1712. *Underneath that are the following Lines.*

Good unexpected, Evil unforeſeen,
Appear by Turns, as Fortune ſhifts the Scene,
Some rais'd *aloft*, come tumbling *down* amain,
And *fall* ſo hard, they bound and *riſe* again.

By Mr. Prior.

From her own Native *France* as old *Aliſon* paſt,
She reproach'd *Engliſh-Nell* with Neglect or with Malice,
That the Slattern had left in the Hurry and Haſte,
Her Lady's Complexion and Eye-Brows at *Calais*.

Dean SWIFT *being ſent for by the Lord* CARTERET, *then Lord Lieutenant of* Ireland, *and waiting alone for ſome Time in the Council Chamber, wrote with a Diamond on the Window.*

My very good Lord, 'tis a very hard Taſk,
For a Man to wait here, who has nothing to aſk.

My Lord coming ſoon after into the Room, wrote under it thus:

My very good Dean, there's few who come here,
But have ſomething to aſk, or ſomething to fear.

On Chloe.

Here *Chloe* lies,
Whoſe own bright Eyes
Set all the World on Fire!
And not to be
Ungrateful, ſhe
Did all the World admire.

An Epitaph *on little* Stephen, *a noted Fiddler in* Suffolk.

Stephen and *Time*
Are now both even;
Stephen beat *Time*,
Now *Time* beats *Stephen*.

On the Burſer *of a College in* Oxford, *cutting down the Trees near to the ſaid College for his own Uſe.*

Indulgent Nature to each Creature ſhows,
A ſecret Inſtinct to diſcern its Foes;
The Gooſe, a ſilly Bird, avoids the Fox;
Lambs fly from Wolves, and Sailors ſteer from Rocks;
The Thief the Gallows, as his Fate foreſees,
And bears the like Antipathy to Trees.

To a bad Fiddler.

Old *Orpheus* play'd ſo well, he mov'd *old Nick*,
But thou mov'ſt nothing but thy Fiddleſtick.

Written on Glaſs with the Earl of Cheſterfield's *Diamond Pencil. By Mr.* Pope.

Accept a Miracle inſtead of Wit;
See two dull Lines with *Stanhope*'s Pencil writ.

By Mr. Cooke. *From* Martial.

Paul, ſo fond of the Name of a Poet is grown,
With Gold he buys Verſes, and calls them his own;
Go on, Mr. *Paul*, nor mind what the World ſays,
They are ſurely his own for which a Man pays.

A Marriage Certificate. By Dr. Swift.

Under this Hedge in ſtormy Weather,
I join'd this Whore * and Rogue together;
And none but he who made the Thunder,
Can put this Whore and Rogue aſunder.

* She as big with Child when the Ceremony was performed.

Inſcription

Inſcription for a Fountain adorned with Queen ANNE'S *and the Duke of* MARLOROUGH' *Statues; and the chief Rivers of the World round the Work. by Mr.* PRIOR.

Ye active Streams where e'er your Waters flow,
Let diſtant Climes, and fartheſt Nations know,
What ye from *Thames* and *Danube* have been taught,
How ANNE commanded, and how MARLBRO' fought.

By the Earl of DORSET.

Tell me *Dorinda*, why ſo gay,
With ſuch Embroid'ry, Fringe, and Lace?
Can any Dreſſes find a Way,
To ſtop th' Approaches of Decay,
And mend a ruin'd Face?

Wilt thou ſtill ſparkle in the Box,
And ogle in the Ring?
Canſt thou forget thy Age and Pox,
Can all that ſhine on Shelves, or Rocks,
Make thee a fine young Thing?

So have I ſeen in Larder dark,
Of Veil a lucid Loin,
Replete with many a brilliant Spark
(As wiſe Philoſophers remark)
At once both ſtink and ſhine.

On an empty Coxcomb.

You beat your Pate, and fancy Wit will come,
Knock as you pleaſe, there's nobody at Home.

The Advantage of having two Phyſicians.

One prompt Phyſician like a Sculler plies,
And all his Art, and all his Skill applies;
But two Phyſicians like a Pair of Oars,
Convey you ſooneſt to the *Stygian* Shores.

Liars compar'd.

Such a *Liar* is *Tom*, there's no one can lie faſter,
Excepting his Maid, and ſhe'll *lie* with her Maſter.

On a Grave-ſtone in Cirenceſter *Church-yard.*

Death takes the Good, to good on Earth to ſtay,
And leaves the bad, too bad to take away.

Ancient *Phyllis* has young Graces;
'Tis a ſtrange Thing, but a true one;
Shall I tell you how?
She herſelf makes her own Faces,
And each Morning wears a new one;
Where's the Wonder now?

Venus *miſtaken.*

When *Chloe*'s Picture was to *Venus* ſhown;
Surpriz'd, the Goddeſs took it for her own:
And what, ſays ſhe, does this bold Painter mean?
When was I bathing thus, and naked ſeen?
Pleas'd *Cupid* heard, and check'd his Mother's Pride;
And who's blind now Mamma? The Urchin cry'd.
'Tis *Chloe*'s Eye, and Cheek, and Lip, and Breaſt;
But *Howard*'s Genius *fancied* all the reſt.

Seven Times a Day the juſt Men ſin;
So ſpeaks the Sage our Hearts to ſoften:
Well, the juſt Women, they fall in!
Ah! but no Sage can tell how often.

To Sir Godfrey Kneller, *drawing the Lady* Hide's *Picture.*

The *Cyprian* Queen drawn by *Apelles*' Hand,
Of perfect Beauty did the Pattern ſtand;
But then bright Nymphs from every Part of *Greece*,
Did all contribute to adorn the Piece;
From each a ſeveral Charm the Painter took,
For no one Mortal ſo divine could look:
But happier *Kneller*, Fate preſents to you,
In one, that finiſhed Beauty which he drew.
But oh! take Heed, for vaſt is the Deſign,
And Madneſs 'twere for any Hand but thine.
For mocking Thunder bold *Salmoneus* dies;
And 'tis as raſh to imitate her Eyes.

Says *Richard* to *Joe*, thou'rt a very ſad Dog,
And thou can'ſt write Verſes no more than a Log.
Says *Joſeph* to *Dick*, prithee, Ring Rhyme, get hence,
Sure my Verſe at leaſt is as good as thy Senſe.
Was e'er ſuch a Contraſt recorded in Song?
The one's in the right; and the other's not wrong.

M***** tho' he muſt abſtain from Meat,
Yet won't abſtain from Spite;
The Rogue has nothing left to eat,
Yet can't forbear to bite.

Epitaph on a Country Sexton.

Here lies old *Sare*, worn out with Care,
Who whilome toll'd the Bell;
Cou'd dig a Grave, or ſet a Stave,
And ſay *Amen* full well.

For ſacred Song, he'd *Hopkins'* Tongue,
And *Sternhold*'s eke alſo;
With Cough and Hem, he ſtood by them,
As far's his Word wou'd go.

The Worms have loſt their good old Hoſt,
Who them full often fed;
For he is gone, with Skin and Bone,
To ſtarve 'em now he's dead.

Here take his Spade, and uſe his Trade,
Since he is out of Breath;
Cover the Bones of him who once
Wrought Journey-work with Death.

A Character.

Sometimes to Senſe, ſometimes to Nonſenſe leaning;
And always blund'ring round about his Meaning.

To the Dutcheſs of Beaufort.

Offſpring of a tuneful Sire,
Bleſt with more than mortal Fire;
Likeneſs of a Mother's Face,
Bleſt with more than mortal Grace

You with double Charms ſurprize,
With his Wit, and with her Eyes.

Selinda ſure's the brighteſt Thing,
That decks our Earth, or breathes our Air,
Mild are her Looks like op'ning Spring,
And like the blooming Summer fair.

But yet her Wit's ſo very ſmall,
That all her Charms appear to lie,
Like glaring Colours on a Wall,
And ſtrike no farther than the Eye.

Our Eyes luxuriouſly ſhe treats,
Our Ears are abſent from the Feaſt,
One Senſe is ſurfeited with Sweets,
Starv'd or diſguſted are the reſt.

So have I ſeen with Aſpect bright,
And tawdry Pride a Tulip ſwell,
Blooming and beauteous to the Sight,
Dull and inſipid to the Smell.

To *John* I ow'd great Obligation,
But *John* unhappily thought fit,
To publiſh it to all the Nation;
Sure *John* and I are more than quit.

On a Gentleman who died the Day after his Lady.

The firſt departed, he for one Day try'd
To live without her, lik'd it not, and dy'd.

Of all the Pens which my poor Rhymes moleſt,
Colin's is ſharpeſt, and ſucceeds the beſt.
Others outrageous ſcold, and rail downright,
With hearty Rancour and true Chriſtian Spight;
But he a readier Method does deſign;
Writes ſcoundrel Verſes, and then ſays they're mine.

I hate, and yet I love thee too;
How can that be? I know not how;
Only that ſo it is I know,
And feel with Torment that 'tis ſo.

Upon

Upon a Picture of the Lady Hide.

When fam'd *Apelles* ſought to frame,
Some Image of th' *Idalian* Dame,
To furniſh Graces for the Piece,
He ſummon'd all the Nymphs of *Greece*;
So many Mortals were combin'd,
To ſhow how one Immortal ſhin'd.
Had'ſt thou thus ſat by Proxy too,
As *Venus* then was ſaid to do,
Venus herſelf, and all her Train
Of Goddeſſes had ſummon'd been;
The Painter muſt have ſearch'd the Skies,
To match the Luſtre of your Eyes.
Comparing then, while thus we view
The ancient *Venus* and the new;
In her we many Mortals ſee,
As many Goddeſſes in thee.

Bright as the Day, and as the Morning fair,
Such *Chloe* is,——but common as the Air.

On ſome Snow that melted on a Lady's Breaſt.

Thoſe envious Flakes came down in Haſte,
To prove her Breaſt ſo fair;
Grieving to find themſelves ſurpaſt,
Diſſolv'd into a Fear.

Chloe, new-married, looks at Men no more;
Why then, 'tis plain, for what ſhe look'd before.

When *Thomas* calls his Wife his Half,
I like the Fellow's Whim;
For why? She horns him, ſo the Jilt
Belongs but half to him.

On his Death-bed poor *Lubin* lies,
His Spouſe is in Deſpair;
With frequent Sobs, and mutual Cries,
They both expreſs their Care.

A different Cauſe, ſays Parſon *Fly*,
The ſame Effect may give;
Poor *Lubin* fears that he ſhall die,
His Wife, that he may live.

Upon a Patch on a Lady's Face.

That artful Speck upon your Face,
Had been a Foil on one leſs fair;
In her it hides a wounding Grace,
And ſhe, in Mercy plac'd it there.

When *Loveleſs* married Lady *Jenny*,
Whoſe Beauty was the ready Penny;
I choſe her, ſays he, like old Plate,
Not for the Faſhion, but the Weight.

Bleſt be the Princes, who have fought
For pompous Names, or wide Dominion;
Since by their Error, we are taught,
That Happineſs is but Opinion.

George came to the Crown without ſtriking a Blow,
Ah! quoth the Pretender, wou'd I cou'd do ſo.

Upon a Cravat, flouriſh'd by Mrs.———

When *Mira* caſts around her conquering Eyes,
A thouſand Victims fall a Sacrifice;
No Bounds her Charms acknowledge, but her Will;
And whereſoe'r ſhe darts, a Look, can kill;
Why ſhould ſhe then new Artifices find,
To extend her Power, and vanquiſh Humane kind?
Cannot the pointed Rays ſhot from her Eyes,
Her graceful Perſon, and her Mien ſuffice;
But ſhe muſt triumph in acquired Art,
And turn her very Needle to a Dart?

On Milton.

Three Poets in three diſtant Ages born,
Greece, *Italy*, and *England* did adorn;
The firſt in Loftineſs of Thought ſurpaſt,
The next in Majeſty, in both the laſt.

The

The Force of Nature cou'd no farther go,
To make a third, ſhe join'd the former two.

Written in the blank Leaf of an Ovid.

Ovid is the ſureſt Guide
You can find to ſhew the Way,
To a Woman, Maid, or Bride,
Who intends to go aſtray.

To a Lady who commended another's Eyes.

In vain by Parallels you ſtrive,
Panthea's Eyes to praiſe;
Perfection, which we can't conceive,
Itſelf alone diſplays.

Gaze on them only, if you'd know,
What dazzling Rays they dart;
But, if what piercing Shafts they throw,
Then view my wounded Heart.

Love is begot by Fancy, bred
By Ignorance, by Expectation fed,
Deſtroyed by Knowledge, and at beſt,
Loſt in the Moment 'tis poſſeſt.

Leave off thy Paint, Perfumes, and youthful Dreſs,
And Nature's Failing honeſtly confeſs;
Double we ſee thoſe Faults, which Art wou'd mend;
Plain downright Uglineſs would leſs offend.

Written over a Gate.

Here lives a Man, who by Relation,
Depends upon Predeſtination;
For which the learned and the wiſe,
His Underſtanding much deſpiſe;
But I pronounce with loyal Tongue,
Him in the Right, them in the Wrong;
For how could ſuch a Wretch ſucceed,
But that, alas! it was *decreed?*

Phyllis's *Age.*

How old may *Phyllis* be, you aſk,
Whoſe Beauty thus all Hearts engages?
To anſwer is no eaſy Taſk;
For ſhe has really two Ages.

Stiff in Brocade, and pinch'd in Stays,
Her Patches, Paint, and Jewels on;
All Day let Envy view her Face,
And *Phyllis* is but twenty one.

Paint, Patches, Jewels, laid aſide,
At Night Aſtronomers agree,
The Evening has the Day bely'd,
And *Phyllis* is ſome forty three.

A licentious Perſon.

Thy Sins and Hairs may no Man equal call;
For as thy Sins increaſe, thy Hairs do fall.

From Martial. *Lib.* I. *Ep.* 20.

When Gammer *Gurton* firſt I knew,
Four Teeth in all ſhe reckon'd,
Comes a damn'd Cough, and whips out two,
And t'other two a ſecond.

Courage, old Dame, and do not fear
The third, whene'er it comes;
Give me but t'other Jug of Beer,
And I'll enſure your Gums.

Rich *Gripe* does all his Thoughts and Cunn[illegible]g bend,
T' increaſe that Wealth he wants a Soul to ſpend;
Poor *Shifter* does his whole Contrivance ſet,
To ſpend that Wealth he wants the Senſe to get.
How happy wou'd to each appear his Fate,
Had *Gripe* his Humour, or he *Gripe*'s Eſtate?
Kind Fate and Fortune! blend 'em, if you can,
And, of two Wretches, make one happy Man.

Thou

Thou ſpeakeſt always ill of me,
I always ſpeak well of thee;
But ſpite of all our Noiſe and Pother,
The World believes not one, nor t'other.

Pious *Selinda* goes to Pray'rs,
If I but aſk the Favour;
And yet, the tender Fool's in Tears,
When ſhe believes I'll leave her.

Wou'd I were free from this Reſtraint,
Or elſe had Hopes to win her;
Wou'd ſhe cou'd make of me a Saint,
Or I of her a Sinner.

The true Reaſon.

Selinda ne'er appears till Night;
And what won't female Envy ſay?
But well ſhe knows, ſhe ſhines ſo bright,
Her Preſence may ſupply the Day.

Wou'd thou hadſt Beauty leſs, or Virtue more;
For nothing's uglier than a pretty Whore.

The Antiquary.

If in his Study he hath ſo much Care
To hang all old ſtrange Things, let's Wife beware.

Did *Celia*'s Perſon and her Mind agree,
What Mortal cou'd behold her and be free?
But Nature has, in Pity to Mankind,
Enrich'd the Image, and defac'd the Mind.

On the Death of Mary, *Counteſs of* Pembroke.

Underneath this ſable Hearſe,
Lies the Subject of all Verſe,
Sidney's Siſter, *Pembroke*'s Mother.
Death! ere thou haſt kill'd another,

Fair,

Fair, and learned, good as ſhe,
Time ſhall throw his Dart at thee.

Epitaph on a Man and his Wife.

Stay, Batchelor, if you have Wit,
A Wonder to behold,
Huſband and Wife, in one dark Pit,
Lie ſtill, and never ſcold.

Tread ſoftly tho', for fear ſhe wakes—
Hark! ſhe begins already;
You've hurt my Head;—my Shoulder akes;—
Theſe Sots can ne'er move ſteady.

Ah Friend! with happy Freedom bleſt,
See how my Hopes miſcarried;
Not Death itſelf can give you reſt,
Unleſs you die unmarried.

On Dr. Cade, *dying by his own Recipe.*

Cade, who had ſlain ten thouſand Men
With that ſmall Inſtrument a Pen,
Being ſick, unluckily he try'd
The Point upon himſelf, and dy'd.

A Lover's Anger.

As *Chloe* came into the Room t'other Day,
I, peeviſh, began, Where ſo long could you ſtay?
In your Life-time you never regarded your Hour?
You promis'd at Two, and pray look, Child, 'tis Four;
A Lady's Watch needs neither Figures, nor Wheels;
'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with Baubles and Seals:
A Temper ſo heedleſs no Mortal can bear———
Thus far I went on with a reſolute Air.
Lord bleſs me! cry'd ſhe, let a Body but ſpeak!
Here's an ugly hard Roſe-bud fell into my Neck:
It has hurt me, and vex'd me to ſuch a Degree;
But I know you wou'd never believe one; pray ſee
On the Left Side my Breaſt what a Mark it has made.
So ſaying, her Boſom ſhe careleſs diſplay'd;

That

That Seat of Delight I with Wonder ſurvey'd,
And forgot e'ery Word I deſign'd to have ſaid.

On Mr. Hearne, *the great Antiquary.*

Pox on't, ſays *Time* to *Thomas Hearne*,
Whatever I *forget*, you learn.

A Lady wrote upon a Window ſome Verſes, intimating her Deſign of never marrying; under which a Gentleman wrote the following Lines.

The Lady who this Reſolution took,
Wrote it on Glaſs, becauſe it ſhould be broke.

To an angry Rival.

'Tis not the Fear of Death, or Smart,
Makes me averſe to fight;
But to preſerve a tender Heart,
Not mine, but *Celia*'s Right.

Then let your Fury be ſuppreſt,
Not me, but *Celia* ſpare;
Your Sword is welcome to my Breaſt,
When *Celia* is not there.

The Muſical Conteſt.

Some ſay, that Signior *Bononcini*,
Compar'd to *Handel*'s a meer Ninny;
Others aver, that to him *Handel*
Is ſcarcely fit to hold the Candle.
Strange, that ſuch high Diſputes ſhou'd be,
'Twixt *Tweedledum* and *Tweedledee*.

Written in the Window of the Deanery-Houſe of St. Patrick *in* Dublin. *By Dr.* Delany.

Are the Gueſts of this Houſe ſtill doom'd to be cheated?
Sure the Fates have decreed, they by Halves ſhou'd be treated!

In the Days of old *John* *, if you came here to dine,
You had Choice of good Meat, but no Choice of good Wine;
In *Jonathan*'s † Reign, if you come here to eat,
You have Choice of good Wine, but no Choice of good Meat.
Oh *Jove!* then how fully might all Sides be bleſt,
Wou'dſt thou but agree to this humble Requeſt;
Put both Deans in one; or, if that's too much Trouble,
Inſtead of the Dean, make the Deanery double.

On a Feather in a Lady's Hair.

If *C—ru* but wear it, a Feather's a Charm,
Ah! who can be ſafe, when a Feather can harm?
Since firſt I beheld, what a Life have I led!
All Joy and Content with that Feather are fled.
Fly, Youth, from this Beauty, whoever thou art;
And warn'd by the Feather, beware of the Dart.

To a Caſuiſt.

If, as they tell us, Man and Wife,
Are married only but for Life,
Say then, ye learned Caſuiſts, whether
They after Death ſhould lie together?

From Martial, *Lib.* iv. *Ep.* 48.

Varus invited me to ſup of late;
The Food was ſcanty, but the Weal h was great!
Vaſt empty Plates, and Cups of Gold were ſerv'd;
My Eyes were feaſted, but my Guts were ſtarv'd.
Varus! I did not come to gaze, but eat;
So take away your Plates, or bring ſome Meat.

The Monument.

A Monſter in a Courſe of Vice grown old,
Leaves to his gaping Heir his ill-gain'd Gold;

* The late Dean.
† Dr. *Swift*, the then Dean.

Strait

Strait breathes his Buſt, ſtrait are his Virtues ſhown,
Their Date commencing with the ſculptur'd Stone.
If on his ſpecious Marble we rely,
Pity a Worth like his ſhou'd ever die!
If Credit to his real Life we give,
Pity a Wretch like him ſhou'd ever live!

From Martial, *Lib.* viii. *Ep.* 19.

Cinna crys out, I am not worth a Groat;
And is, Plague on him, what he wou'd be thought.

On ſetting up Mr. Butler's *Monument in* Weſtminſter-Abbey.

Whilſt *Butler*, needy Wretch! was ſtill alive,
No gen'rous Patron wou'd a Dinner give;
See him, when ſtarved to Death, and turn'd to Duſt,
Preſented with a monumental Buſt!
The Poet's Fate is here in Emblem ſhown;
He aſk'd for Bread, and he receiv'd a Stone.

The Critical Moment. By Mr. Prior.

How capricious was Nature and Art to poor *Nell!*
She was painting her Cheeks, at the Time her Noſe fell.

On the Duke of Buckingham's *Diſgrace at Court*, 1685.

When great Men fall, great Griefs ariſe,
In one, two, three, four Families;
When this Man fell, there roſe great Sorrow
In *Rome*, *Geneva*, *Sodom*, and *Gomorrah*.

To Miſs * * * *.

We Men have many Faults;
Poor Women have but two:—
There's nothing good they ſay;
There's nothing good they do.

In Chaucer's *Style.*

Fair *Suſan* did her Wife-hede well menteine,
Algates aſſaulted ſore by Letchours tweine.
Now, and I read aright that auntient Song,
Old were the Paramours, the Dame full young.

Had thilke ſame tale in other Guiſe been tolde,
Had been young, pardie, and they been olde;
That, by St. *Kit*, had wrought much ſorer Tryal;
Full marvellous, I wote, were ſwilk Denyal.

Advice to Miſs * * *.

If Youth and Beauty fade, my Dear,
Impart them wiſely while you may;
If ſtill they laſt, why ſhou'd you fear
To give, what none can take away?

The Eye-Brow.

Her Eye-brow Box one Morning loſt,
The beſt of Folks are oft'neſt croſt,
Sad *Hellen!* thus to *Jenny* ſaid,
Her careleſs, but afflicted Maid:
Put me to Bed then, wretched *Jane!*
Alas! when ſhall I riſe again?
I can behold no Mortal now;
For what's an Eye without a Brow?

On the ſame.

Hellen was juſt ſlip'd into Bed,
Her Eye-brows on the Toilet lay;
Away the Kitten with them fled,
As Fees belonging to her Prey.

For this Misfortune careleſs *Jane*,
Aſſure yourſelf, was loudly rated;
And Madam getting up again,
With her own Hand the Mouſe-trap baited.

On

On little things, as Sages write,
Depends our human Joy, or Sorrow;
If we don't catch a Mouſe To-night,
Alas! no Eye-brows for To-morrow.

On the Lady Eſſex, *who was a* Dutchwoman.

The braveſt Hero, and the brighteſt Dame,
From *Belgia*'s happy Clime, *Britannia* drew;
One pregnant Cloud, we find, does often frame
The awful Thunder, and the gentle Dew.

Advice to a Poet.

Before *Apollo*'s Shrine I pray'd,
That I by Verſe to Fame might riſe;
Read the beſt Poet, *Phœbus* ſaid,
And place his Works before your Eyes:

Beſt Poet! oh! great *Phœbus*, how,
How may this Pattern Wit be found?
What Age produc'd the Man, whom thou,
With this high Character haſt crown'd.

Does he among the Dead reſide,
Or dwell with thoſe who now ſurvive;
Thus *J*—— when *Phœbus* quick reply'd;
Go, aſk if *Prior*'s ſtill alive.

On the Dutcheſs of St. Albans.

The Line of *Vere*, ſo long renown'd in Arms,
Concludes with Luſtre in St. *Alban*'s Charms;
Her conqu'ring Eyes have made their Race complete;
They roſe in Valour, and in Beauty ſet.

On a haſty Marriage.

Married! 'tis well! a mighty Bleſſing!
But poor's the Joy, no Coin poſſeſſing?
In ancient Time, when Folk did wed,
'Twas to be one at Board and Bed,
But hard's his Caſe, who can't afford,
His Charmer either Bed or Board.

A Dream.

I dream'd, that, buried in my fellow Clay,
Cloſe by a common Beggar's Side I lay,
And, as ſo mean a Neighbour ſhock'd my Pride,
Thus, like a Corpſe of Conſequence, I cry'd:
Scoundrel, begone; and henceforth touch me not;
More Manners learn, and, at a Diſtance rot.
How! Scoundrel! in a haughtier Tone, ſaid he;
Proud Lump of Dirt! I ſcorn thy Words, and thee;
Here all are equal; now thy Caſe is mine;
This is my Rotting-place, and that is thine.

The Emperor Adrian's *Verſes to his Soul, imitated.*

Poor, little, pretty, flutt'ring Thing!
Muſt we no longer live together?
And doſt thou prune thy trembling Wing,
To take thy Flight, the Lord knows whither?

Thy hum'rous Vein, thy pleaſing Folly,
Lies all neglected, all forgot;
And penſive, wav'ring Melancholy,
Thou dread'ſt, and hop'ſt, thou know'ſt not what.

Addreſs'd to the Lady * * *.

See, ſee, ſhe wakes! *Sabina* wakes!
And now the Sun begins to riſe!
Leſs glorious is the Morn that breaks
From his bright Beams, than her fair Eyes.

With Light united, Day they give;
But diff'rent Fates, ere Night fulfil;
How many by his Warmth will live!
How many will her Coldneſs kill!

The Lady's offering her Looking-Glaſs to Venus.

Venus! take my votive Glaſs;
Since I am not what I was,
What, from this Day, I ſhall be
Venus! let me never ſee.

On a young Gentleman and his young Mother, who had each loſt an Eye.

Young *Acon* wants, *Lunilla* wants an Eye;
And either might with Gods in Beauty vie;
Thoſe Lamps, ſweet Youth, which ſhine apart ſo fair,
No longer with thy blooming Mother ſhare;
Oh! let thy Light adorn *Lunilla*'s Brow;
So ſhall ſhe *Venus* be, blind *Cupid* thou.

What is Thought?

The Hermit's Solace in his Cell,
The Fire that warms the Poet's Brain;
The Lover's Heaven, or his Hell;
The Mad-man's Sport, the Wiſe-man's Pain.

To the Author of a Satire againſt Wit.

Thine is the only Muſe on *Britiſh* Ground,
Whoſe Satire tickles, and whoſe Praiſes wound;
Sure *Hebrew* firſt was taught her by her Nurſe,
Where the ſame Word is taught to bleſs and curſe.

The Feather.

In *Florimel*'s Arms, as if quite out of Breath,
I'll kiſs thee, my Charmer, I'll kiſs thee to Death;
Cry'd *Thyrſis* in Raptures—but ſoon on her Breaſt,
He ſunk down his Head, and compos'd him to reſt.
Not long had they lain thus, unactive together,
Ere the Wanton pluck'd forth from the Bolſter a Feather,
And graſping him hard, till he open'd his Eyes,
In a Tone of Deriſion, the witty one cries—
To prevent being kill'd in the Manner you ſaid,
I reſolve with this Feather, to chop off your Head.

From the Greek.

Two Goddeſſes now muſt *Cyprus* adore,
The Muſes are ten, the Graces are four;
Stella's Wit is ſo charming, ſo ſweet her fair Face,
She ſhines a new *Venus*, a Muſe, and a Grace.

From.

From Martial. Lib. XII. Ep. 54.

Thy Beard and Head are of a diff'rent Dye;
Short of one Foot, diſtorted in an Eye:
With all theſe Tokens of a Knave complete,
Should'ſt thou be honeſt, thou'rt a dev'liſh Cheat.

An Epitaph on Mr. FOOT.

Here lies one *Foot*, whoſe Death may Thouſands ſave;
For Death has now *one Foot* within the Grave!

The Scotch *Weather-Wife.*

Scotland, thy Wea'her's like a modiſh Wife;
Thy *Winds* and *Rains* maintain perpetual Strife:
So *termagent*, awhile her Thunder tries
And, when ſhe can no longer *ſcold*—ſhe *cries*.

A French *Gentleman dining with ſome Company on a Faſt Day, called for ſome Bacon and Eggs. The reſt were very angry, and reprov'd him for ſo heinous a Sin. Hereupon he wrote the following Lines.*

Who can believe with common Senſe,
A Bacon-ſlice gives God Offence!
Or, how a Herring hath a Charm,
Almighty Anger to diſarm!
Wrapt up in Majeſty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine?

Upon Dean Swift *leaving his Fortune to build an Hoſpital for Ideots.*

The Dean muſt die, vile Ideots to maintain;
Periſh, ye Ideots!—and long live the Dean.

Proper Ingredients to make a SCEPTIC. *By Mr.* STEPHEN DUCK.

A little *Learning*, twenty Grains of *Senſe*,
Reſerve a *double* Share of *Ignorance*;

Infuſe

Infuſe a *litle Wit* into the Scull,
Which never fails to make a *mighty* Fool;
Two Drams of *Faith*, two Tons of *doubting* next;
Let all be with the *Dregs* of *Reaſon* mixt;
Theſe jarring Seeds when in his Nature ſown,
He'll cenſure all Things, but approve of none.

The Military Beaux.

'Tis ſaid that the Soldiers ſo lazy are grown,
With Luxury, Plenty, and Eaſe,
That they more for their Carriage than Courage are known.
And ſcarce know the Uſe of a Piece.

Let them ſay what they will, ſince it nobody galls,
And exclaim out ſtill louder and louder;
For there ne'er was more Money expended in Balls,
Or a greater Conſumption of Powder.

The WISE LAWYER; *or Fees on both Sides ſtrict Juſtice.*

Old Counſellor *Double*, well vers'd in the Laws,
Can never conſent to loſe *Client*, or *Cauſe*:
Hence oft the wiſe Sage we at *Weſtminſter* ſee
On *each Side* retain'd, and on *each Side* take Fee.
Yet ſay not, too raſhly, he forfeits his *Troth*,
To *neither* he's *falſe*, when he pleaſes 'em *both*.
While *one* he will *charm* by his *ſtrenuous Bawl*,
He'll gain *t'other's* Cauſe, by not *ſpeaking at all*.

On a Playhouſe-Diſpute at Weſtminſter-Hall.

Players and *Patentees* at Law are hot,
To know who are the Beggars, who are not:
Ye mighty *Kings* and *Chieftains* of the *Stage!*
On this great Point ſuſpend awhile your Rage:
But one *Year more* at *Weſtminſter* contend,
And, 'faith, ye'll *all* be *Beggars* at the *End*.

To the Rev. Dr. L——, *occaſioned by his Sermon for the Support of the Charity Children at* Tunbridge Wells, *where the Collection was ſmall.*

In vain you ſhew a happy Nation,
The Goſpel's gracious Diſpenſation;
And plead, from thence, to bring up Youth
To early Piety and Truth;
To unattentive Ears you preach
What Miſery alone can teach.

'Tis ſaid, *Hibernia* boaſts a Flood
Famous for petrifying Wood;
Tunbridge, thy *min'ral Streams*, we know,
A *ſtranger Tranſformation* ſhow;
Their dire Effects the Wretched feel,
Thy *Waters* turn the *Heart* to *Steel*.

Another on the ſame Occaſion.

So little given at *Chapel Door!*
This People, doubtleſs, *muſt* be poor;
So *much* at *Gaming* thrown away!
No Nation ſure ſo *rich* as they.
Britons! 'twere greatly for your Glory,
Shou'd thoſe who ſhall tranſmit your Story,
Their Notions of your Grandeur frame,
Not as you *give*, but as you *game*.

On ſome late Books, intitled, Bodies *of* Divinity.

Books of Science when you print,
The Work wou'd be entire and whole,
Shou'd you, dear Friend, but take the Hint,—
And to your *Bodies* add a *Soul*.

On the King's Statue *placed on the Top of* Bloomſbury-Steeple.

The King of *Great Britain* was reckon'd before
The Head of the *Church* by all good Chriſtian People;
His Subjects of *Bloomſbury* have added one more
To his Titles—and made him the Head of the *Steeple*.

On

On the ſame.

At *Stocks-Market* and *Charing*
No longer ſtand ſtaring,
But turn your Eyes this Way, good People!
For a Man on *a Horſe*
Is a Matter in Courſe;
But lo! here is a Man on *a Steeple.*

On an OPERA.

An *Op'ra*, like a *Pillory*, may be ſaid
To nail our *Ears* down, but expoſe our *Head.*

On the Power of Muſic.

The Force of Muſic beſt is found,
When *Soul* ſubſervient is to *Sound.*

Occaſioned by a Report, that her Grace the Dutcheſs Dowager of Marlborough *had offered a Reward of* 500l. *to the Poet who ſhould beſt exert his Genius in Honour of the late Duke her Huſband.*

Five hundred Pounds! too ſmall a Boon
To put a Poet's Muſe in Tune,
That nothing may eſcape her;
Shou'd ſhe attempt th' heroick Story
Of the illuſtrious *Churchill*'s Glory,
It ſcarce wou'd buy the Paper.

In Grantham *Church-yard.*

John Palfryman which lieth here,
Was aged twenty-four Year;
And in this Place his Mother lies;
Alſo his Father, when he dies.

A Rev. D—r's Lamentation for the Loſs of his Hearing.

Deaf, giddy, helpleſs, left alone;
To all my Friends a Burden grown:

No

No more I hear my Church's Bell,
Than if it rung for my own Knell:
At Thunder now no more I ſtart,
Than at the Rumbling of a Cart;
And what's incredible, alack!
No more I hear a Woman's Clack.

Cupid *miſtaken.*

Where *Chloe* in the ſhady Grove was laid,
Thither by chance the wanton *Cupid* ſtray'd:
Awhile he view'd the Nymph, then cries in Paſſion,
"*Mamma, Mamma,* you'll miſs your Aſſignation;
"For *Mars* is waiting."——*Chloe* rais'd her Head,
"My pretty Boy, ſure you've miſtook," ſhe ſaid;
"How like, cries he, may one be to another!
"For, as I live, I thought you was my Mother."

Advice to Tom ****.

Wou'd you to *Orcus'* Shades deſcend,
To be exempt from Care;
You need but *wench,* and *tipple* well,
And you will ſoon be there.

On a young Gentleman of good Parts, but a great Rake.

As *Fricus* Bawdy ſung, and ſpoke,
Says *Biblio,* prithee huſh!
Where is the Humour, where the Joke,
To ſhow you cannot bluſh?

Another on the ſame.

Fricus diſplays ſuch wond'rous Merit,
So loudly ſwears, ſo loudly ſings;
Sure *Satan* breath'd in him his Spirit,
To qualify him for *Tom King*'s.

A Third.

Nature has done her Part; do thou but thine;
Learning and Senſe let Decency refine;

For

For vain Applauſe tranſgreſs not Virtue's Rules:
A witty Sinner is the worſt of Fools.

The falſe PATRIOT.

Curſe on that ſordid Miſer's Luſt of Gold,
By whom his Country's Intereſt is ſold,
Auletes cries; and with a Patriot's Voice
Declares, *or Liberty, or Death's my Choice.*
But when *N——e* whiſpers in his Ear,
Your Vote ſhall gain Two thouſand Pounds a Year;
With an obſequious Bow he thanks his Grace,
And wonders how he cou'd miſtake the Caſe.

On Mr. John Day.

Here lies the Body of *John Day*;
What *young John?* no, no. *Old John?* Aye.

On Richard Button, *Eſq; who was interr'd in a Church near* Saliſbury.

Oh Sun! Moon! Stars! and ye celeſtial Poles!
Are *Graves* then dwindled into *Button-holes?*

On a Man eating rotten Cheeſe.

Jack eating rotten Cheeſe, did ſay,
Like *Sampſon*, I my thouſands ſlay;
I vow, quoth *Roger*, ſo you do,
And with the ſelf-ſame Weapon too.

On a Lady's half-maſking herſelf when ſhe ſmil'd.

So when the Sun, with his meridian Light,
Too fiercely darts upon our feeble Sight,
We thank th' officious Cloud, by whoſe kind Aid
We view his Glory leſſen'd in a Shade.

By Mr. P——.

In merry old *England* it once was a Rule,
The King had his Poet, and alſo his Fool;
But now we're ſo frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That C——*r* can ſerve both for Fool and for Poet.

On Tom * * *.

Tom ever jovial, ever gay,
To Appetite a Slave,
Still whores and drinks his Life away,
And laughs to ſee me grave.

'Tis thus that we two diſagree,
So diff'rent is our Whim,
The Fellow fondly laughs at me,
And I cou'd cry at him.

On a famous Phyſician *called out of* Church.

While holy Pray'rs to Heaven were made,
One ſoon was heard, and anſwer'd too,
Save us from ſudden Death! was ſaid,
And ſtrait from Church Sir *John* withdrew.

The Reſignation.

My ſickly Spouſe, with many a Sigh,
Oft tells me — *Billy*, I ſhall die:
I griev'd; but recollected ſtrait,
—'Tis bootleſs — to contend with Fate;
So Reſignation to Heav'n's Will,
—Prepar'd me for ſucceeding Ill:
'Twas well it did; for, on my Life,
'Twas Heav'n's Will to ſpare my Wife.

On great Afflictions.

One Comfort from the greateſt Ills we gain,
The Leſs can never give our Breaſt a Pain,
Abſtract our Thought, or diſcompoſe our Heart,
Or ſuffer Fate to throw a ſecond Dart.

Juſt ſo the martial Trumpet's weaker Sound,
The louder Noiſe of burſting Thunders drown'd;
Nor does the Stars expiring Light appear,
When the Day opens, and the Sun is near.

Saving

Saving Advice to E—— C——l, *on his late advertiſing a Third Volume of Letters.*

C——l, let me adviſe you, whatever betides,
To let this third Volume alone;
The ſecond's ſufficient for all our Backſides,
So pray keep the third for your own.

A Friendly Conteſt.

While *Cam* and *Iſis* their ſad Tribute bring,
Of rival Grief, to weep their pious King,
The Bards of *Iſis* half had been forgot,
Had not the Sons of *Cam* in Pity wrote;
From their learn'd Brothers they took off the Curſe,
And prov'd their Verſe not bad—by writing worſe.

On a young Lady refuſing to ſhew her Hand.

No Argument cou'd *Celia* move,
With ſtrong Reluctance ſtill ſhe ſtrove
Her lovely Hand to hide:
The Caſe is plain, ſhe was afraid,
That plac'd in view, it might be ſaid
'Twas by *her Hand* they'd dy'd.

On ——*'s threatning to tranſlate* Pindar.

You've undone *Horace*—what ſhou'd hinder
Thy Muſe from falling upon *Pindar?*
But, e'er you mount your fiery Steed,
Beware, O Bard! how you proceed:
For, ſhou'd you give him once the Reins
High up in Air, he'll turn your Brains;
And, if you ſhou'd his Fury check,
'Tis Ten to One, he breaks your Neck.

On a F—t, *by Dean* Swift.

My Age is not a Moment's Stay;
My Birth the ſame with my Decay:
I ſavour ill; no Colour know;
And fade, that Inſtant that I blow.

On ſome Reflections on Pope's *Buſto.*

Well, Sir, ſuppoſe the *Buſto*'s a damn'd Head,
Suppoſe that *Pope*'s an Elf;
All he can ſay for't, is, he neither made
The *Buſto*, nor himſelf.

Ryſbrake, to make a *Pope* of Stone,
Muſt labour hard and ſore;
But it would coſt him Labour none
To make a Stone of *Moor*.

Deſign'd for the Monument of Sir Iſaac Newton.

Approach, ye Wiſe of Soul! with Awe divine;
'Tis *Newton*'s Name that conſecrates this Shrine!
That Sun of Knowledge, whoſe meridian Ray
Kindled the Gloom of Nature into Day!
That Soul of Science! that unbounded Mind!
That Genius which exalted human Kind!
Confeſs'd ſupreme of Men! his Country's Pride!
And half-eſteem'd an Angel, till he dy'd;
Who in the Eye of Heav'n, like *Enoch* ſtood,
And thro' the Paths of Knowledge, walk'd with God;
Who made his Fame a Sea without a Shore,
And but forſook one World, to know the Laws of more.

Epitaph on a Miſer.

Beneath this verdant Hillock lies
Demar, the Wealthy and the Wiſe.
His Heirs, that he may ſafely reſt,
Have put his Carcaſe in a Cheſt;
The very Cheſt, in which, they ſay,
His other Self, his Money, lay.
And if his Heirs continue kind,
To that dear Self he left behind,
I dare believe, that four in five
Will think his better half alive.

From

From the French.

Sir, I admit your general Rule,
That every Poet is a Fool;
But you yourſelf may ſerve to ſhow it,
That every Fool is not a Poet.

The Law-Suit.

Two Parties had a Diff'rence, and the Cauſe
Did come to be decided by the Laws:
The bribing Plaintiff did the Judge preſent
With a new Coach; t'other, with ſame Intent,
Gives him two Horſes; each with like Deſign
To make the Judge to his own Side incline.
The Cauſe being try'd, the Plaintiff's overthrown;
O Coach! ſaid he, thou art the wrong Way gone!
The Judge reply'd, It cannot but be ſo;
For where his Horſes draw, your Coach muſt go.

Epitaph on the moſt lamented Death of Mr. William Wells, *Maſter of the Bear-Garden at* Marybone.

Shed, O ye Combatants! a Flood of Tears;
Howl, all ye Dogs! roar, all ye Bulls and Bears!
Ye Butchers weep; for you, no Doubt, are Grievers,
And found his Loſs with Marrow-bones and Cleavers;
Wells is no more——yet Death hath been ſo kind,
That he hath left his Bulls and Bears behind.

To a Lady, ſtung by a Bee.

To heal the Wound a Bee had made
Upon my *Delia*'s Face,
Its Honey to the Part ſhe laid,
And bade me kiſs the Place.

Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the Wound
Suck'd both the Sweet and Smart;
The Honey on my Lips I found,
The Sting went thro' my Heart.

The Courtſhip.

A Swarm of Sparks, young, gay, and bold,
Lov'd *Sylvia* long; but ſhe was cold:
Int'reſt and Pride the Nymph controul'd;
So they in vain their Paſſion told.
At laſt came *Dulman*; he was old,
Nay, he was ugly; but had Gold:
He came, and ſaw, and took the Hold,
While Brother Beaus their Loſs condol'd;
Some ſay, ſhe's wed; I ſay ſhe's ſold.

The Balance of Europe.

Now *Europe*'s balanc'd, neither Side prevails;
For nothing's left in either of the Scales.

True Riches.

Irus, tho' wanting Gold and Lands,
Lives chearful, eaſy, and content;
Corvus, unbleſs'd, with twenty Hands
Employ'd to count his yearly Rent.

Sages of *Lombard!* tell me which
Of theſe you think poſſeſſes more?
One with his Poverty is rich,
And one with all his Wealth is poor.

On Oaths.

Our Fathers took Oaths, as of old they took Wives,
To have and to hold for the Term of their Lives;
But we take our Oaths, as our Whores, for our Eaſe,
And a Whore and a Rogue may part when they pleaſe.

To the Lady * * *.

Long did great *Jove* the weighty Point debate,
Uncertain, Nymph or Goddeſs to create.
Irreſolute, he cry'd, What muſt be done!
We'll form a Nymph and Goddeſs both in one:
But from what Pattern of celeſtial Race
The Features of her heavenly Part to trace?
Shall lovely *Venus* to the Picture ſit?
Or ſhall we copy *Pallas*' Mien and Wit?

Still unreſolv'd, thus to the heavenly Maid,
As from his Hand ſhe roſe, Be both at once, he ſaid:
Hence both in thy lov'd Compoſition meet,
As *Pallas* graceful, and as *Venus* ſweet.

Written in a Lady's Milton.

With Virtue ſtrong as your's had *Eve* been arm'd,
In vain the Fruit had bluſh'd, or Serpent charm'd;
Nor had our Bliſs by Penitence been bought,
Nor had frail *Adam* fell, nor *Milton* wrote.

To the KING, *on his Navy.*

Shou'd Nature's Self invade the World again,
And o'er the Centre ſpread the liquid Main,
Thy Pow'r were ſafe, and her deſtructive Hand
Wou'd but enlarge the Bounds of thy Command;
Thy dreadful Fleet wou'd ſtyle thee *Lord of all,*
And riſe in Triumph o'er the drowned Ball;
Thoſe Tow'rs of Oak o'er fertile Plains might go,
And viſit Mountains where they once did grow.

Epitaph on a Miſer *married to a* Coquette.

Here reſteth *John*, 'midſt other Clay,
Who heap'd up Riches every Day,
And never gave one Doit away;
Parted with nothing all his Life,
But what in common was——his Wife.

On a profuſe Duke *and Sir* John Cutler.

His Grace's Fate, ſage *Cutler* cou'd foreſee,
And well, he thought, adviſ'd him, "Live like me."
As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir *John!*
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Reſolve me, Reaſon, which of theſe is worſe,
Want with a full, or with an empty Purſe?

On the Death of an Undertaker.

Subdued by Death, here Death's great Herald lies,
And adds a Trophy to his Victories;
Yet ſure he was prepar'd, who, while he'ad Breath,
Made it his Buſineſs ſtill to look for Death.

The Nonpareil.

Early this Morn, a Time to Muſes kind,
Willing to draw one Woman to my Mind,
Wiſe without Pride, without Coquetting fair,
Chaſte as the unblown Roſe, yet free as Air;
In Language eaſy, and in Temper ſweet,
And moderately learn'd, and ſimply great;
Who ne'er one Step from Virtue's Paths had trod,
True to her Friend, but truer to her God.
—But, when I on the Picture thought, I cry'd,
No ſuch can be, and flung my Pen aſide.
My Muſe then kindly whiſper'd, *Such can be*,
Bade me *Clarinda* write——and that was ſhe.

Beauty too dazling.

Dorinda's ſparkling Wit and Eyes,
Uniting, caſt too fierce a Light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
Pains not the Heart, but hurts the Sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler Joy,
Smooth as his Looks, and ſoft his Pace;
Her *Cupid* is a Black-guard Boy,
That runs his Link full in my Face.

Sir Toby's *Journey.*

As Sir *Toby* reel'd home, with his Skin full of Wine,
To his Houſe in the Square, from his Friends at the *Vine*,
He ſnuff'd the freſh Air, and his Noddle turn'd round;
He ſtagger'd,—but gain'd not an Inch of his Ground.
Get home! quoth the Knight; why, this ne'er can do,
If, for one Step gain'd forward, I backward reel two:

I'll

I'll return to the *Vine*.—So, as one may ſuppoſe,
Sir *Toby* intended to follow his Noſe.
But this retrograde Knight ne'er alter'd his Pace,
And, gaining Ground backwards, found out the right Place:
The Sot's Mathematics at length did prevail,
And Sir *Toby* ſteer'd home by the Help of his Tail.

On Wit.

True Wit is like the brilliant Stone,
Dug from the *Indian* Mine;
Which boaſt two various Pow'rs in one,
To cut as well as ſhine.

Genius like that, if poliſh'd right,
With the ſame Gift abounds,
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And ſparkles while it wounds.

On a Shadow.

The Sun now clear, ſerene the golden Skies,
Where-e'er you go, as faſt the Shadow flies;
A Cloud ſucceeds: The Sunſhine now is o'er,
The fleeting Phantom fled, is ſeen no more.
With your bright Day, its Progreſs too does end;
See here, vain Man! the Picture of your Friend.

On a ſtingy Beau.

Curio's rich Side-board ſeldom ſees the Light,
Clean is his Kitchen, and his Spits are bright;
His Knives and Forks, all rang'd in even Rows,
No Hands moleſt, or Fingers interpoſe;
A curious Jack, hung up to pleaſe the Eye,
For ever ſtill; whoſe Flyers never fly:
His Plates unſullied, ſhining on the Shelf;
For *Curio* dreſſes nothing, but himſelf.

On the Atchievement over the Door of ——

The Coat exactly with his Manners ſuits:
How near a-kin the Maſter and the Brutes!
His Qualities were ne'er ſo well expreſs'd,
Wolves his Supporters, and a Bear his Creſt.

The Queſtion *anſwer'd.*

Why is a handſome Wife ador'd
By every Coxcomb, but her Lord?
From yonder Puppet-man enquire,
Who wiſely hides his Wood and Wire:
Shews *Sheba*'s Queen completely dreſt
And *Solomon* in royal Veſt;
But view them litter'd on the Floor,
Or ſtrung on Pegs behind the Door,
Punch is exactly of a Piece
With *Lorrain*'s Duke, or Prince of *Greece.*

On Roger Grant's *being appointed* Oculiſt *to* Queen Anne.

Her Majeſty ſure was in a Surprize!
Or elſe was very ſhort-ſighted,
When a Tinker was ſworn to look after her Eyes,
And the Mountebank *Read* was knighted.

On Cold.

The *Latin* Word for *cold*, one aſk'd his Friend;
It is, ſaid he,—*'tis at my finger's end.*

On a lad Painter.

Fabius, you ſay, is much inclin'd
Each Cheek with too much red to fill;
His Pieces only bluſh to find
The Painter draws their Looks ſo ill.

On

On the Derivation of the Word News.

The Word explains itſelf without the Muſe,
And the four Letters ſpeak from whence come NEWS,
From *North*, *Eaſt*, *Weſt*, *South*, the Solution's made,
Each Quarter gives Accounts of War and Trade.

Hope *and* Fear.

Who has the better Game ſtill *fears* the End,
Who has the worſe, ſtill *hopes* his Game will mend.

On Mr. Budgell's *Propoſal of publiſhing an accurate Tranſlation of a Book, which had been already tranſlated.*

Dulneſs, good Goddeſs, chanc'd to ſee,
The Product of a *Bel Eſprit*;
Which clearly does the Cauſes mention,
Of *Roman Grandeur and Declenſion*,
Penn'd in pure *French* ſo very ſprightly
She judg'd 'twou'd take, and judg'd it rightly.

Quoth ſhe, ſo much I hate this Nation,
I'll damn this Author in Tranſlation,
Then, to concert her Purpoſe well,
She haſt'ned to *Oblivion*'s Cell;
And found her moping over *Tindal*,
For ſhe reads all, who e'er have been dull.

Siſter, ſaid ſhe, you muſt befriend me,
And ſome *ſpare Blockhead* quickly lend me;
Lay by that old Religion-hater,
And let him have your *worſt Tranſlator*;
Some drudging Foe to Wit and Merit,
Moſt fit to damp an Author's Spirit.

Oblivion, ſmiling, cry'd, I have
The *Flow'r of Dunces* in my Cave,
And one, who I can ſafely ſwear,
Will ſuit your Purpoſe to a Hair;
He is your Darling, or I judge ill;
Here—*Humdrums*—call your Brother *Budgell*.

As

Giron *at Church.*

As *Giron* lately in the Temple ſat,
Tho' that's a Place he comes but ſeldom at,
He heard the Mob diſcourſing in the Porch;
Pray, Neighbour, he cries out, don't talk in Church.
Now wou'd you know why he reprov'd the Crowd
'Twas 'cauſe he cou'd not ſleep, they talk'd ſo loud.

On ſome Authors *honour'd by her* Majeſty.

When Virtue reigns, to Liberty a Friend,
Men read with Judgment, and with Taſte commend,
Fond to be wiſe, ambitious, ſome explore
Newton's amazing Depths, untry'd before,
And dig with Pleaſure in ſo rich an Ore;
Woolſton inſtructs an unattentive Age,
And teaches Virtue in familiar Page.
By *Locke* aſſiſted, the enquiring few,
The darker Parts of Reaſon dare purſue,
And e'er they judge on every Side they view:
They know Impoſture in a ſhrewd Diſguiſe,
And owe to *Locke*, that reading makes them wiſe.
When ſome forbidden Heights advent'rous try,
And, ſelf-ſufficient into Nature pry,
Chaſtis'd by *Clarke* their thoughtleſs Pride muſt yield,
And each deceiving Cavil quit the Field,
While Words like his prevailing Light convey,
Their glimmering Senſe improves to perfect Day.

On a fine Houſe built by a Lawyer.

The Lawyer's Houſe if I have rightly read,
Is built upon the Fool and Madman's Head.

On Characters.

When Death puts out our *Flame* the Snuff will tell,
If we were *Wax* or *Tallow* by the Smell.

On Love.

The ſhaken Tree grows faſter at the Root;
And *Love* grows firmer from ſome Blaſts of Doubt.

On

On a fine Library.

With Eyes of Wonder the gay Shelves behold;
Poets, all Rags alive, now clad in Gold.
In Life, and Death, one common Fate they ſhare,
And on their Backs ſtill all their Riches wear.

Promiſes.

Lords promiſe ſoon, but to perform are long;
Lord ſend their Purſe-ſtrings ty'd but to their Tongue.

To the Lady T---nk---lle, *on her reading* Sherlock *on* Death. *By the E—— of* Ch——.

Miſtaken Fair! lay *Sherlock* by,
His Doctrine is deceiving;
For whilſt he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our Living.

To die's a Leſſon we ſhall know,
Too ſoon without a Maſter;
Then let us only ſtudy now
How we may live the faſter.

To live's to love; to bleſs, be bleſs'd
With mutual Inclination;
Share then my Ardour in your Breaſt,
And kindly meet my Paſſion.

But, if thus bleſs'd, I may not live,
And Pity you deny,
To me at leaſt your *Sherlock* give,
'Tis I muſt learn to die.

On the Lady * * *.

What do Scholars and Bards, and Philoſophers wiſe,
Mean by ſtuffing one's Head with ſuch Nonſenſe and Lies!
By telling us *Venus* muſt always appear
In a Car, or a Shell, or a twinkling Star!
Drawn by Sparrows, or Swans, or Dolphins, or Doves,
And attended in Form, by the Graces and Loves!

That Ambroſia and Nectar is all ſhe will taſte;
And a Paſſport to Hearts, is a Belt to her Waiſt!
Without all this Trouble, I ſaw the bright Dame;
To Supper laſt Night to *Pultney*'s ſhe came,
In a good warm Sedan; no fine open Car;
Two Chairmen her Doves, and a Flambeau her Star:
No Nectar ſhe drank, no Ambroſia ſhe eat,
Her Cup was plain Claret, and Chicken her Meat.
Nor wanted ſhe Ceſtus her Boſom to grace,
For *Richmond* that Night had lent her her Face.

On George Faulkener*'s promiſing to have the Dean of St.* Patrick*'s Effigies prefix'd to the new Edition of his Works, from a Copper Plate done by Mr.* Vertue.

In a little dark Room, at the Back of his Shop,
Where Poets and Criticks have din'd on a Chop,
Poor *Faulkner* ſat muſing alone thus of late:
" Two Volumes are done—It is Time for the Plate.
" Yes Time to be ſure—But on whom ſhall I call,
" To expreſs the great *Swift* in a Compaſs ſo ſmall?
" Faith *Vertue* ſhall do it—I'm pleas'd at the Thought;
" Be the Coſt what it will, the Copper is bought."
Apollo o'er-heard, who as ſome People gueſs,
Had a Hand in the Work, and corrected the Preſs,
And pleas'd, he reply'd, " Honeſt *George*, you are right,
" This Thought was my own, howſoe'er you came
" by't;
" For, tho' both the Wit and the Style is my Gift,
" 'Tis *Vertue* alone can *deſign* us a *Swift*."

On her late Majeſty *in her Grotto.*

Not more by Enſigns, than ſelect Abode,
Diſtinguiſh'd are each Goddeſs, and each God.
In *Paphos* Iſle doth *Cytherea* dwell;
Neptune and *Thetis* in their watry Cell;
High on *Olympus* Top ſits ſceptred *Jove*,
And *Britain*'s *Pallas* in her green Alcove.

Upon

Upon a Lady's writing in Characters.

Belinda ſighs for *Strephon*, and wou'd ſhow it,
By writing thus, that none but he may know it:
So while in Characters ſhe tells her Mind,
Love makes not him, or her, but others blind.

On being expell'd a Lady's Company.

Thus *Adam* look'd, when from the Garden driv'n,
And thus diſputed Orders ſent from Heav'n:
Like him I go, tho' to depart I'm loth;
Like him I go, for Angels drive us both.
Hard was his Fate, but mine ſtill more unkind;
His *Eve* went with him, but mine ſtay'd behind.

Sent in a Snuff-Box.

Think, and ſome uſeful Leſſons 'twill impart,
That when you open it, you ope my Heart;
Think, when you ſee this Preſent from your Lover,
Your Self's the *Bottom*, and that I'm the *Cover*.

Dryden's *Epitaph on the Lady* Whitmore.

Fair, kind, and true, a Treaſure each alone;
A Wife, a Miſtreſs, and a Friend in one;
Reſt in this Tomb, rais'd at thy Huſband's Coſt,
Here ſadly ſuming what he had, and loſt.

Come, Virgins, ere in equal Bands you join,
Come firſt and offer at her ſacred Shrine;
Pray but for half the Virtues of this Wife,
Compound for all the reſt with longer Life,
And wiſh your Vows like her's may be return'd,
So lov'd when living, and when dead ſo mourn'd.

Fighting.

Who in his Cups will only *Fight*, is like
The Clock that muſt be oil'd well, ere it *ſtrike*.

On Sin.

Formio bewails his Sins with the ſame Heart
As Friends do Friends, when they're about to part.
Believe it *Formio* will not entertain
One merry Thought until they meet again.

On Treaſon.

Treaſon does never proſper; what's the Reaſon?
Why, when it proſpers, none dare call it Treaſon.

The World.

The World's a *Book*, writ by th' eternal Art
Of the great *Author*; printed in Man's Heart;
'Tis falſely *printed*, tho' divinely penn'd,
And all the *Errata*, will appear at th' *End*.

On Mr. Air.

This poliſh'd Stone of Marble fair,
Includes the Corps of *Gervaſe Air*:
Methinks 'tis a ſurprizing Death,
That *Air* ſhou'd die for want of Breath.

On Poverty.

He who in his Pocket has no Money,
Shou'd in his Mouth, be never without Honey.

Encouragement to young Authors.

An Author young, who pants for Fame,
Begins the World with Fear and Shame,
When firſt in Print, you ſee him dread
Each Pop-Gun levell'd at his Head;
The Lead yon Critick's Quill contains,
Is deſtin'd to beat out his Brains;
As if he heard loud Thunders roll,
Cries, Lord have Mercy on my Soul!
Concluding, that another Shot,
Will ſtrike him dead upon the Spot.
But when with ſquibbing, flaſhing, popping,
He cannot ſee one Creature dropping;

That

That miſſing Fire, or miſſing Aim,
His Life is ſafe, I mean his Fame:
The Danger paſt, takes Heart of Grace,
And looks a Critick in the Face.

The Laurel. Addreſs'd to Mr. C—.

What diff'rent Effects does the Laurel produce?
In its Bough there is Honour, but Death in its Juice;
And ſince C—*b*---*r* has now brought its Honour ſo low,
He ſhou'd taſte of the *Juice*, for abuſing the *Bough*.

On Chloe.

When firſt I gaz'd on *Chloe*'s Face,
And ſaw each killing Eye;
I thought 'twas Heav'n—and ſo it was:
But not for ſuch as I.

On Mr. Congreve.

Dan Congreve ſpent in writing Plays,
And one poor Office half his Days;
While *Montagu*, who claim'd the Station,
To be *Mecænas* of the Nation;
For Poets open Table kept,
And ne'er conſider'd where they ſlept;
Himſelf as rich as fifty *Jews*
Was eaſy, tho' they wanted Shoes;
And crazy *Congreve*, ſcarce cou'd ſpare
A Shilling to diſcharge his Chair:
Till Prudence taught him to appeal
For *Pæans* Fire, to Party-zeal;
Not owing to his happy Vein
The Fortunes of his latter Scene;
Took proper Principles to thrive,
And ſo might every Dunce alive.

On Dreſs.

He who a *Gold-finch* ſtrives to make his Wife,
Makes her, perhaps, a *Wagtail* all her Life.

The Courtier and Scholar.

A haughty Courtier meeting in the Streets
A Scholar, him thus inſolently greets;
Baſe Men to take the Wall, I ne'er permit;
The Scholar ſaid, I do, and gave him it.

On the Funeral *of Vulture* Hopkins.

Wan m' rous Lights this Wretch's Corps attend,
Who, in his Life-time, ſav'd a Candle's End.

The World.

This World is the beſt that we live in,
To lend, and to ſpend, and to give in:
But, to borrow, or beg, or get a Man's own,
It is the worſt World that ever was known.

From Martial.

Thy grave Demureneſs pleaſes me,
Mixt with well-tim'd Delight;
All Day thou may'ſt *Lucretia* be,
But *Lais* be at Night.

On a Bee, *ſtifled in Honey.*

From Flow'r to Flow'r, with eager Pains,
See the bleſt buſy Lab'rer fly;
When all that from her Toil ſhe gains,
Is in the Sweets ſhe hoards to die.

'Tis thus, wou'd Man the Truth believe,
With Life's ſoft Sweets, each fav'rite Joy;
If we taſte wiſely, they relieve,
But if we plunge too deep, deſtroy.

The Friendſhip of Sir Edward ——.

Thus with kind Words, Sir *Edward* cheer'd his Friend,
Dear *Dick!* thou on my Friendſhip may'ſt depend;
I know thy Fortune is but very ſcant,
But, be aſſur'd, I'll ne'er ſee thee in Want.
Dick's ſoon confin'd---His Friend, no doubt, wou'd free him,
---His Word he kept--In Want he ne'er wou'd ſee him.

On an old Scold.

Scylla is toothleſs, yet when ſhe was young,
She had both Teeth enough, and too much Tongue;
What ſhall we then of toothleſs *Scylla* ſay?
But that her Tongue has ſworn her Teeth away.

On Legacies.

They who in Life oppreſs, and then bequeath
Their Goods to pious Uſes at their Death;
Are like thoſe Drunkards, who, when laid aſleep,
Diſgorge the Liquor which they cannot keep.

On infamous Men in Power.

When Men of Infamy to Grandeur ſoar,
They light a Torch, to ſhow their Shame the more.

On Repentance.

'Tis not to cry out Mercy, or to ſit
And droop, or to confeſs that thou haſt fail'd,
—'Tis to bewail the Sins thou didſt commit,
And not commit thoſe Sins thou haſt bewail'd;
He that bewails, and not forſakes them too,
Confeſſes rather what he means to do.

The contented Farmer.

I eat, drink, and ſleep, and do what I pleaſe:
The King at St. *James*'s can only do theſe?

Courage miſplaced.

As *Thomas* was cudgell'd one Day by his Wife,
He took to his Heels and fled for his Life,
Tom's three deareſt Friends came by in the Squabble,
And ſav'd him at once from the Shrew and the Rabble,
Then ventur'd to give him ſome ſober Advice;
But *Tom* is a Perſon of Honour ſo nice,
Too wiſe to take Counſel, too proud to take Warning,
That he ſent to all three a Challenge next Morning;
Three Duels he fought, thrice he ventur'd his Life,
Went Home, and was cudgell'd again by his Wife.

On buying a Bible.

'Tis but a Folly to rejoice or boaſt,
How ſmall a Price thy well-bought Purchaſe coſt.

Until

Until thy Death, thou ſhalt not fully know,
Whether it was a Pennyworth or no;
And, at that time, believe me, 'twill appear
Extremely cheap, or elſe extremely dear.

Advice to the Poets.

How ſhall we pleaſe this Age? If in a Song
We put above ſix Lines, they count it long;
If we contract it to an Epigram,
As deep the dwarfiſh Poetry they damn:
If we write Plays, *few* ſee above an Act,
And *thoſe* lewd Maſks, or noiſy Fops diſtract.
Let us write Satire then, and, at our Eaſe,
Vex the ill-natur'd Fools we cannot pleaſe.

On the Impoſſibility of pleaſing all People.

Who ſeeks to pleaſe all Men each Way,
And not himſelf offend;
He may begin his Work to Day,
But GOD knows when he'll end.

On Nature.

Nature a *thouſand Ways* complains,
A thouſand Words expreſs her *Pains*;
But for her *Laughter* has but three,
And very ſmall ones, *Ha, Ha, He.*

On a Man who uſually promis'd more than he cou'd perform.

When you promiſe, Friend *Tom*, you ſhould always take Care,
Not to give the *Bear-ſkin* till you've taken the *Bear*.

Wrote on the Collar of a Dog, belonging to the PRINCE *at* KEW.

I am the Prince's Dog at *Kew*,
Pray, tell me, Sir, whoſe Dog are you?

On

On a noted Blackſmith.

My Sledge and Hammer lie reclin'd,
My Bellows too have loſt their Wind;
My Fire's extinct, my Forge decay'd,
And in the Duſt my Vice is laid;
My Coal is ſpent, my Iron's gone,
My Nails are drove, my Work is done.

On Sir John Fry.

Here lies the Body of Sir *John Fry*,
Oh! oh! does he ſo? There let him lie.

On a ſurly Victualler, *Maſter of the* Red-Lion *Inn at a certain Place near* Saliſbury.

When a Man to the Town for a Show brings a Lion,
'Tis uſual a Monkey the Sign-poſt to tie on;
But here the old Cuſtom inverted is ſeen,
For the Lion's without, and the Monkey within.

Epitaph on Shakeſpear.

Extracted from his Play of the Tempeſt.

The cloud-capt Towers,
The gorgeous Palaces,
The ſolemn Temples,
The great Globe itſelf,
Yea, all which it inherits,
Shall diſſolve;
And like the baſeleſs Fabric of a Viſion
Leave not a Wreck behind.

On Mr. Elijah Fenton *at* Eaſthamſtead *in* Berks, 1730.

This modeſt Stone, what few vain Marbles can,
May truly ſay, *Here lies an honeſt Man.*
A Poet bleſs'd beyond the Poet's Fate,
Whom Heav'n kept ſacred from the proud and great.

Foe to loud Praiſe, and Friend to learned Eaſe,
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.
Calmly he look'd on either Life, and *here*
Saw nothing to regret, or *there* to fear.
From Nature's temp'rate Feaſt roſe ſatisfy'd,
Thank'd Heaven that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

On Mr. Gay.

Of Manners gentle, of Affections mild,
In Wit a Man; Simplicity, a Child;
With native Humour, temp'ring virtuous Rage,
Form'd to delight at once, and laſh the Age.
Above Temptation, in a low Eſtate,
And uncorrupted ev'n among the Great!
A ſafe Companion, and an eaſy Friend,
Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End;
Theſe are thy Honours! not that here thy Buſt,
Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy Duſt;
But that the Worthy and the Good ſhall ſay,
Striking their penſive Boſoms—Here lies GAY.

Written in a young Lady's Almanack.

Think, bright *Florella*, when you ſee
The conſtant Changes of the Year,
That nothing is from Ruin free,
And gayeſt Things muſt diſappear.

Think of your Glories in their Bloom,
The Spring of ſprightly Youth improve,
For cruel Age, alas! will come,
And then 'twill be too late to love.

On the Loſs of Time.

Ticio ſtands gazing for the clouded Sun,
To be inform'd how faſt his Hours ſhall run.
Ah! fooliſh *Ticio*, art thou found in Mind,
To loſe by ſeeking, what thou ſeek'ſt to find.

From

From Martial.

Maro, you'll give me nothing while you live,
But after Death, you cry, then you will give,
If thou art not, indeed, turn'd arrant Aſs,
Thou know'ſt what I deſire may come to paſs.

When *Chloe*'s Picture was to *Chloe* ſhewn,
Adorn'd with Charms and Beauty, not her own,
Where *Hogarth*, pitying Nature, kindly made
Such Lips, ſuch Eyes, as *Chloe* never had;
Ye Gods! ſhe cries, in Extaſy of Heart,
How near can Nature be expreſſed by Art!
Well! it is wond'rous like! nay, let me die,
The very pouting Lip—the killing Eye!
Blunt and ſevere as *Manly* in the Play,
Downright replies; like, Madam, do you ſay!
The Picture bears this Likeneſs, it is true,
The Canvas painted is, and ſo are you.

On the Law.

Unhappy *Chremes*, Neighbour to a Peer,
Kept half his Sheep, and fatted half his Deer;
Each Day his Gates thrown down, his Fences broke,
And injur'd ſtill the more, the more he ſpoke,
At laſt reſolv'd his potent Foe to awe,
And guard his Right, by Statute, and by Law;
A Suit in *Chancery* the Wretch begun,
Nine happy Terms thro' Bill and Anſwer run,
Obtain'd his Cauſe, had Coſts, and was undone.

On the Invention of Letters. *From the* French.

The noble Art, from *Cadmus* took its Riſe,
Of painting Words, and ſpeaking to the Eyes;
He firſt in wondrous magic Fetters bound
The airy Voice, and ſtopp'd the flying Sound;
The various Figures by his Pencil wrought,
Gave Colour, and a Body to the Thought.

To Chloe *weeping.*

See, whilſt thou weep'ſt, fair *Chloe*, ſee
The World in Sympathy with thee:
The chearful Birds no longer ſing,
Each droops his Head, and hangs his Wing:
The Clouds have bent their Boſom lower,
And ſhed their Sorrows in a Shower.
The Brooks beyond their Limits flow,
And louder Murmurs ſpeak their Woe.
The Nymphs and Swains adopt thy Cares;
They leave thy Sighs, and weep thy Tears.
Fantaſtick Nymph! that Grief ſhall move
Thy Heart obdurate againſt Love:
Strange Tears! whoſe Pow'r can ſoften all,
But that dear Breaſt on which they fall.

On a young Lady juſt married to a Clergyman.

The Gods aſſembled in Debate
About *Amelia*'s nuptial State,
A Gift ſo glorious, good, and great,
To whom they ſhou'd aſſign;
Unanimouſly did agree,
That one ſo like themſelves, wou'd be
Ill-ſuited to Mortality,
So gave her a *Divine.*

On a late Duel.

The prating, playful, little Pleader ſlain!
O, no! Lord *Teague* and *Dicky* did but feign;
Doubting twelve Months, if 'twou'd be wrong, or right,
At laſt they did, as 'twere, agree to fight:

And

And 'tis a wonderful Account, if true,
They met, they talk'd, they drew, and then—withdrew.

The Sportſman's *Prayer to* Cupid.

Cupid! make your Virgins tender,
Make them eaſy to be won;
Let them preſently ſurrender,
When the Siege is once begun.

Such as like a tedious Wooing,
Let them cruel Damſels find;
Give me ſuch as wou'd be doing;
Prithee, *Cupid*, make them kind.

On Mrs. Juſtice, *convicted of Shoplifting.*

In Life with what ſurprizing Turns we meet?
E'en *Juſtice* is become an errant Cheat.
Alas! who Honeſty herſelf will truſt,
Or Truth believe—when *Juſtice* is unjuſt!

The REPLY.

Poor *Robin* getting drunk one Day,
Umbra with Warmth did to him ſay,
You Villain! he who drinks can ne'er
Be honeſt, faithful, or ſincere.
Robin replies, If this be true,
What Man ſo great a Rogue as you?

An Epitaph in a Country Church-yard.

Death is a Debt to Nature due,
Which I have paid, and ſo muſt you.

Another, on a beautiful and virtuous young Lady.

Sleep ſoft in Duſt, wait the Almighty's Will;
Then riſe unchang'd, and be an Angel ſtill.

The nearer the Bone, the ſweeter the Fleſh.

The Reaſon is plain why honeſt *Ned Hatton*,
Who married five Wives, wou'd ne'er chuſe a fat one.

LIFE.

Man, by Neceſſity compell'd, muſt go
O'er Rocks of Perils, and thro' Vales of Woe:
Man with the Morn begins his deſtin'd Race,
Joy in his Eye, and Pleaſure in his Face;
But oh! what Rubs attend his ſetting Days!
His Sinews ſlacken, and his Strength decays;
His Limbs all ake, with hourly Toil oppreſs'd,
'Till wiſh'd-for Night reſtores him peaceful Reſt:
Thus Man for ever labours and decays,
Counting his few, and thoſe uneaſy Days.
He ſcarce a Minute glories in his Bloom:
So harſh is Death's inexorable Doom!
So nigh, alas! the Cradle and the Tomb!

An Anſwer to Celia.

Cries *Celia* to a waggiſh Mortal, "Know
"All is not Gold that makes a glitt'ring Show."
"True, cries the Wag, thy Face wou'd be no Snare,
"But for deceitful Colours painted there."

Words are Wind.

If Words are but Wind, as ſome allow,
No Promiſes can bind;
For breaking of the ſtricteſt Vow,
Is only breaking Wind.

On the Death of Dean Swift.

When *Gay* breath'd his laſt, we in Silence complain'd;
For yet we'd a *Pope* and a *Swift* that remain'd:
Pope falls—All *Parnaſſus* reſounds with our Cries,
And our Prayers aſcend, to keep *Swift* from the Skies.
Vain Wiſhes! vain Pray'rs! to the Winds they are given;
For Death comes relentleſs, and takes him to Heaven.
At little Misfortunes we're ſoberly ſad,
But it's time, now we've loſt all our Wits—to run mad.

Inſcription on a Clock in Yorkſhire.

I ſerve thee here, with all my Might,
To tell the Hours by Day, by Night;
Therefore Example take by me,
And ſerve thy God, as I ſerve thee.

Richard's *Opinion.*

Dick's Wife was ſick, and pos'd the Doctors Skill,
Who differ'd how to cure th' invet'rate Ill.
Purging the one preſcrib'd; No, quoth the other,
That will do neither Good nor Harm, my Brother;
Bleeding's the only Way. 'Twas quick reply'd,
That's certain Death: But ſince we differ wide,
'Tis fit the Husband chuſe by whom t' abide.
I'ſe no great Skill, quo' *Richard*, by the Rood;
But I'ſe think Bleeding's like to do moſt Good.

On a Gentleman who miſtook a kept Madam *for a Lady of Faſhion.*

Six tedious Months young *Damon* ſigh'd,
In vain his amorous Tale!
He ſu'd, implor'd—*Clo* ſtill deny'd;
No Efforts cou'd prevail.

At length he try'd the Pow'r of Gold——
She ſoon to chide forgot;
The Fair One was no longer cold,
But prov'd—alas! too hot.

On a young Lady.

The vainly anxious *Myra* leaves
To paſſive Judges her Complaints;
Her Cauſe wou'd awe them, were they Knaves;
Her Eyes wou'd bribe them, were they Saints.

The Beau.

As *Ovid* ſings, a Beau of old admir'd
A Shade, and for the empty Form expir'd:
Love's God, relenting of his killing Pow'r,
Gave him the Life that animates a Flow'r.
Hence future Beaux, ſo Love ordain'd, are made
Gay as a Flow'r, but empty as a Shade.

The Caſe ſtated.

When *Eve* wou'd try, but to her Coſt,
Th' Experiment of Evil,
That ſhe with Gods might Wiſdom boaſt,
And Cunning with the Devil.

Too ſoon the Knowledge ſhe obtain'd;
Too late ſhe curs'd the Prize:
Oh! had ſhe but a Fool remain'd,
We ſhou'd have all been wiſe.

The Dimple.

Sylvia the young, the fair, the gay,
A verdant Bow'r inclos'd;
The little Wanton, tir'd with Play,
In downy Sleep repos'd.

A Bloom, ſo like the Peach's Hue,
Her glowing Cheeks expreſs'd,
A Bird, eluded, eager flew
And ſeiz'd the luſcious Feaſt.

Ah!

Ah! lucky Spoil, tho' rude th' Alarm,
And *Sylvia* weeping roſe,
Since to the Wound its ſmiling Form,
That killing *Dimple* owes.

The Queſtion.

The Earth doth all its various Fruits ſupply
With dropping Rain, from yon high azure Sky;
The Sun and Air ſuck up the ſwelling Tide,
And the pale Moon by wat'ry *Sol*'s ſupply'd:
Then why, my boon Companions of the Bowl,
Am I forbid to quench my thirſty Soul?

On Miſs Kitty.

That ſhe looks like an Angel, the Ladies all ſay,
Is the chief of all Compliments Mankind can pay;
But 'faith! they're quite wrong; for I think 'tis more pretty,
And the Compliment greater, to ſay ſhe's like *Kitty*.

On a young Lady playing on the Harpſichord.

Tho' *Orpheus*, ancient Poets ſay,
In Muſic ſo improv'd,
So ſweetly on the Harp cou'd play,
That Woods and Stones he mov'd:

Yet, cou'd he hear, who's dead and gone,
Thee, charming Syren, play,
He wou'd thy Muſic ſweeter own,
And throw his Harp away.

Thy Notes, fair Maid, wou'd Brutes controul,
Can heav'nly Joy inſpire;
They with ſtrong Rapture fill the Soul,
And ſet each Heart on Fire.

The OAK.

From a ſmall Acorn ſee the Oak ariſe,
Supremely tall, and tow'ring in the Skies!
Queen of the Groves, her ſtately Head ſhe rears,
Her Bulk increaſing with the Length of Years:
Now plows the Sea, a warlike gallant Ship!
Whilſt in her Womb deſtructive Thunders ſleep!
Hence *Britain* boaſts her wide extenſive Reign,
And by th' expanded Acorn rules the Main.

To the incomparable Miſs ***.

Grace is in your Steps and Mein,
You like a Goddeſs move;
In all your Geſtures there is ſeen
Both Dignity and Love.

Love ſteals Artill'ry from your Eyes,
The Graces paint your Charms;
Orpheus is rivall'd in your Voice,
And *Venus* in your Arms.

Written on the Ivory *Leaves of a Lady's Pocket-Book.*

How bleſs'd! cou'd I in *Chloe*'s Heart,
As in this Book, inſcribe her Name!
But wretched ſtill, if there, as here,
Another Fool might do the ſame.

Blenheim-*Houſe.*

See, Sirs, ſee here the grand Approach!
This Way is for his Grace's Coach!
There is the Bridge, and there the Clock!
Obſerve the Lyon, and the Cock!
The ſpacious Court! the Colinade!
And mark how wide the Hall is made!
The Chimnies are ſo well deſign'd,
They *never ſmoke* in any Wind.

The Gallery's contriv'd to walk in;
The Windows to retire and talk in;
The Council-chamber for Debate;
And all the reſt are Rooms of State.

Thanks, Sirs, cry'd I—'tis very fine;——
But where d'ye ſleep? or where d'ye dine?
I find, by all you have been telling,
That 'tis a Houſe, but not to dwell in.

To the incomparable Miſs * * *.

As with a Friend on *Sunday* laſt,
I tript along the Mall;
Snigg'ring at each powder'd Beau,
And gazing at each Belle;

A ſudden Buz ran thro' the Croud,
With "There! that's ſhe in Green;"
I cou'd not, for my Soul, deviſe
What all the Noiſe did mean.

At length advancing farther on,
Where ſtill the *Hum* increas'd,
I ſaw you, lovely Maid—I did,
And then my Wonder ceas'd.

On an Epigram.

One Day in *Chelſea* Fields a walking,
Of Poetry and ſuch Things talking,
Says *Ralph*, a merry Wag,
An *Epigram*, if ſmart and good,
In all its Circumſtances ſhou'd
Be like a *Jelly-Bag*.

The Simile, 'ifaith, is new;
But how can'ſt make it out? ſays *Hugh*:
Quo' *Ralph*, I'll tell thee, Friend;
Make it at Top both wide and fit
To hold a Budget-full of Wit;
But point it at the End.

Another

Another on the ſame.

See! with what Virtue Wit is fraught!
Its Poignancy admire!
Which, by contracting Flights of Thought,
Can ſet the Soul on Fire.

So Convex Glaſſes, made complete,
Contract the Rays of Light,
Which, when apart, yield little Heat;
But burn when they unite.

The Modern Traveller.

From the grand Tour, thro' *Paris, Florence, Rome,*
The travell'd Youth returns accompliſh'd home:
Learn'd in each *Goût*, and vers'd in ev'ry Faſhion,
He comes to teach, and to adorn the Nation.
With ſmarteſt Airs he ſparkles thro' the Town,
And views with Scorn the Academic Clown.
A modern Wit, extreamly read in *French*,
Can ſing, and dance, and dreſs, and ſwear, and wench:
Accompliſhments like his demand Eſteem;
He knows the World—ay, and the World knows him.

On ſeeing the Ladies at Crux-Euſton *walk in the Woods by the Grotto.*

Extempore by Mr. Pope.

Authors the World and their dull Brains have trac'd,
To fix the Ground where Paradiſe was plac'd.
Mind not their learned Whims and idle Talk,
Here, here's the Place where theſe bright Angels walk.

On the Death of Mr. Pope.

Ariſe, ye glimmering Stars of Wit;
For lo! the Sun of Verſe is ſet.

Inſcrip-

Inſcription on a Grotto, *the work of nine Ladies.*

By Mr. Pope.

Here, ſhunning Idleneſs at once and Praiſe,
This radiant Pile nine rural Siſters raiſe;
The glittering Emblem of each matchleſs Dame,
Clean as her Soul, and ſpotleſs as her Frame;
Beauties which Nature only can impart,
And ſuch a Poliſh, as diſgraceth Art:
But Fate diſpos'd them in this humble Sort,
And hid in Deſarts what wou'd charm a Court.

Epitaph on a Baſtard-Child, murder'd by its Mother.

Love, ſpite of Honour's Dictates, gave thee Breath;
Honour, in ſpite of Love, pronounced thy Death.

From Anacreon.

Of Trumpets, Drums, Guns, and the bold bloody Battle,
My high-ſounding Muſic moſt loudly ſhall rattle;
But, alas my poor Fiddle! too weak wou'd it prove,
And can play to no Tune, but the ſoft Tunes of *Love*.

T'other Day with new Cat-gut my Fiddle I ſtrung,
Then *Britons ſtrike home* moſt heroicly ſung;
To ſqueeze out high Notes tho' my Fiddle-ſtick ſtrove,
My Fiddle ſtill tweedled, and tweedled of *Love*.
A Scraper from Beauty no more will I rove,
But tune up my Fiddle to Sonnets and Love.

Wrote at the Requeſt of Dr. Cox, *on a favourite fat Lady whom he called* Chubby.

Sally, Doctor *Cox*'s *Chubby*,
Is nought but Belly, Bum, and Bubby.

On

On a late Sermon againſt National Depravity.

While his Lordſhip, with Ardour becoming his Station,
Inveighs at the Folly and Vice of the Nation;
But the Sins of the *Clergy* forbears to diſcover,
And thoſe of the *Rich*, complaiſant, paſſes over;
One wou'd ſwear that the *former* were canoniz'd Saints,
And the *latter* lay under no ſort of Reſtraints.

On Peter White.

Peter White will ne'er go right;
Wou'd you know the Reaſon why,
Where'er he goes he follows his Noſe,
And that ſtands all awry.

On Colonel G——, *a great Drinker.*

Here, kill'd by Claret, Colonel G—— doth lie,
Who while he liv'd ne'er ſuffer'd that to die.

On a Copy of Verſes wrote on the Queen's Death by Mr. Paul W——.

Once *Felix* ſaid (which was full bad)
Much Learning made thy Name-ſake mad;
But ne'er mind, PAUL, thy Verſes ſhew it,
Learning in thee will never do it.

Intended for the Tomb of Sir John Vanburgh.

Lay heavy on him, Earth; for he
Laid many a heavy Load on thee.

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